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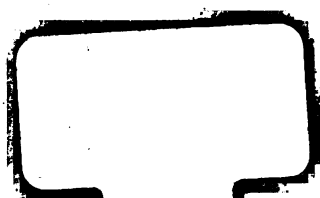
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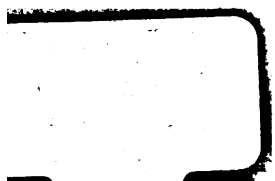
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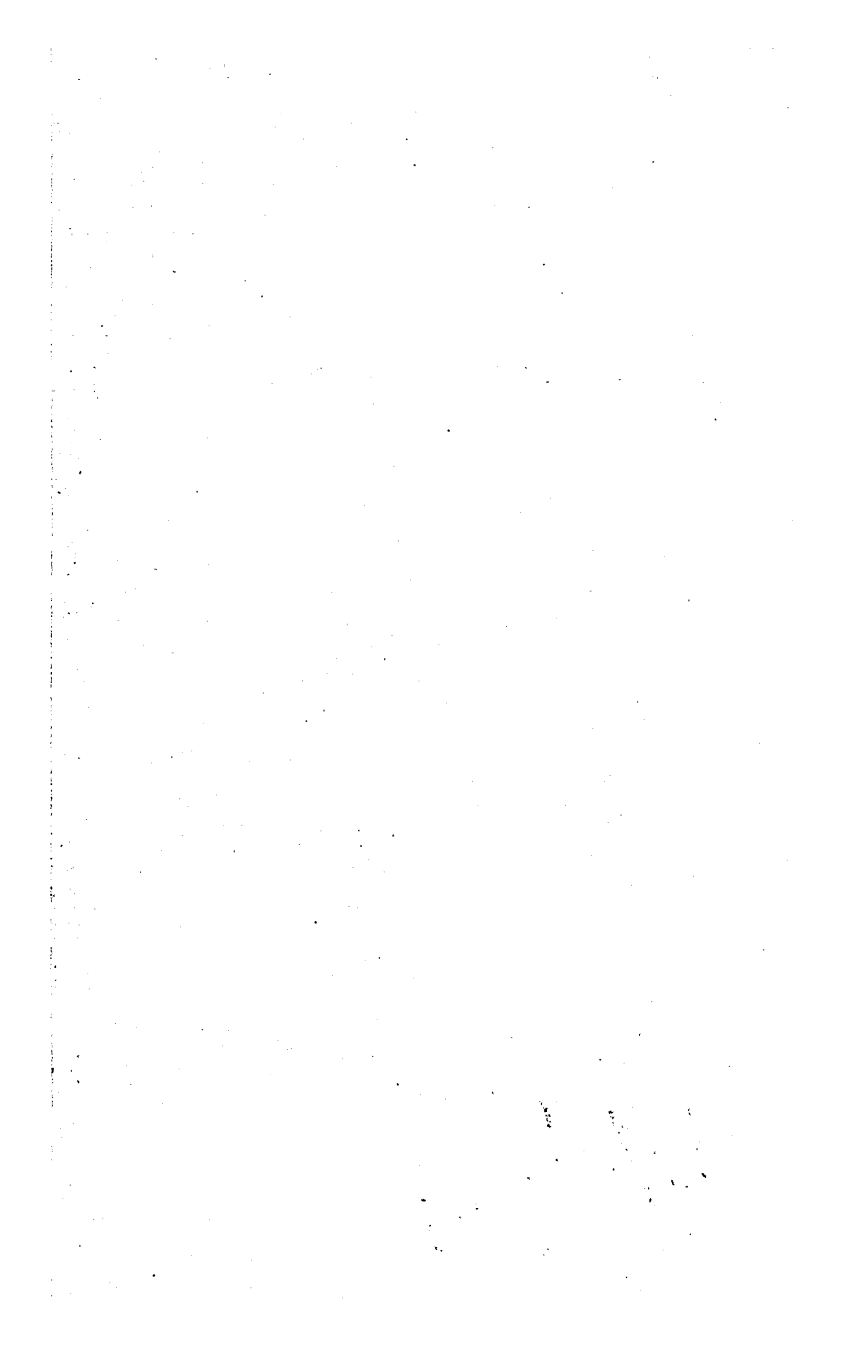
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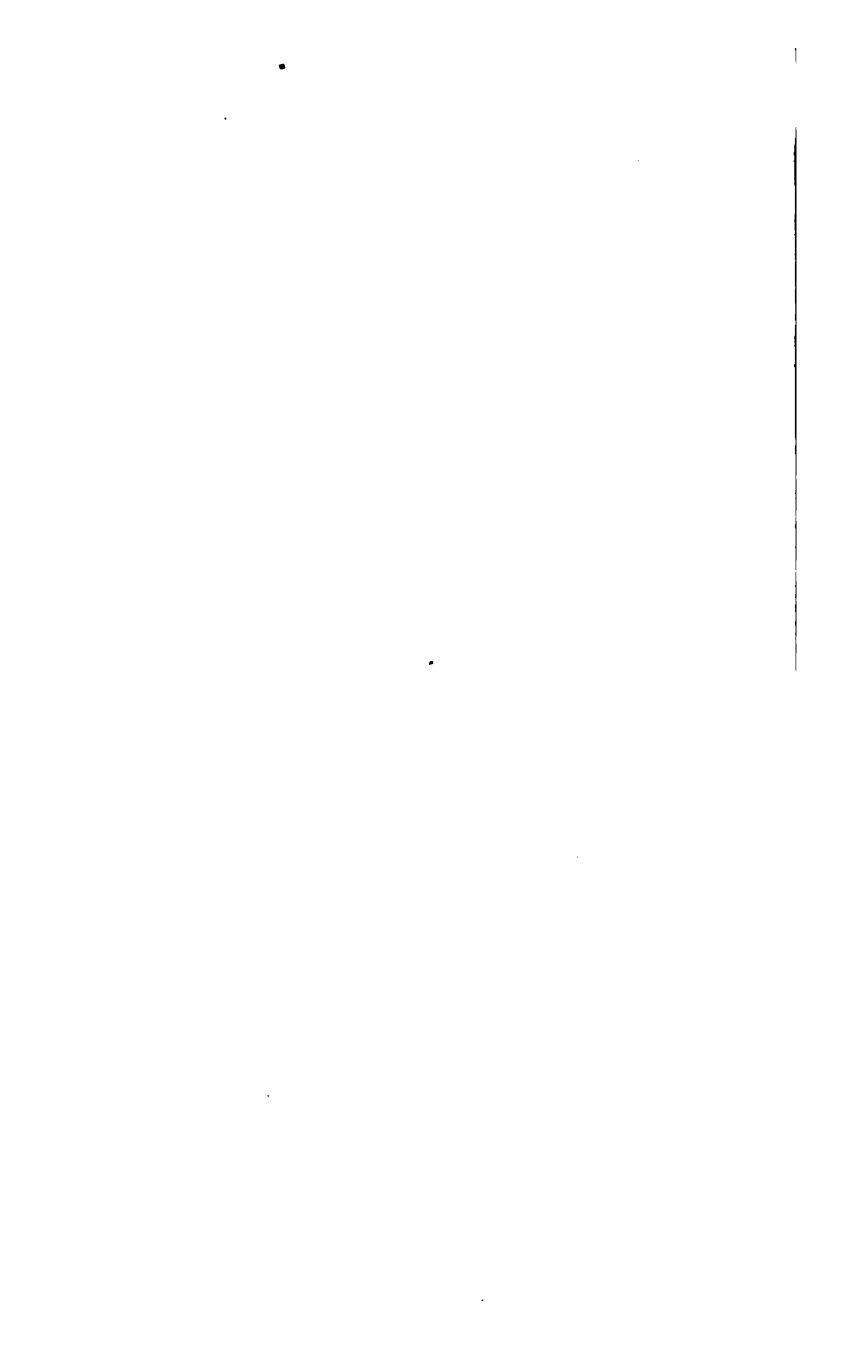


HE
McCall









MOUNT AUBURN,

AND

OTHER POEMS,

BY ISAAC M'LELLAN, JR.

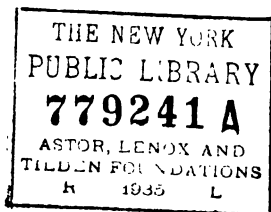
Author of "The Fall of the Indian ;" "The Year," &c.

+

"MINE BE THE BREEZY HILL, THAT SKIRTS THE DOWN,
WHERE A GREEN GRASSY TURF IS ALL I CRAVE,
WITH HERE AND THERE A VIOLET BESTROWN,
FAST BY A BROOK OR FOUNTAIN'S MURMURING WAVE,
AND MANY AN EVENING SUN SHINE SWEETLY O'ER MY GRAVE."

BOSTON:
WILLIAM D. TICKNOR.

MDCCCXLIII.



Entered, according to act of Congress, in the year 1843,

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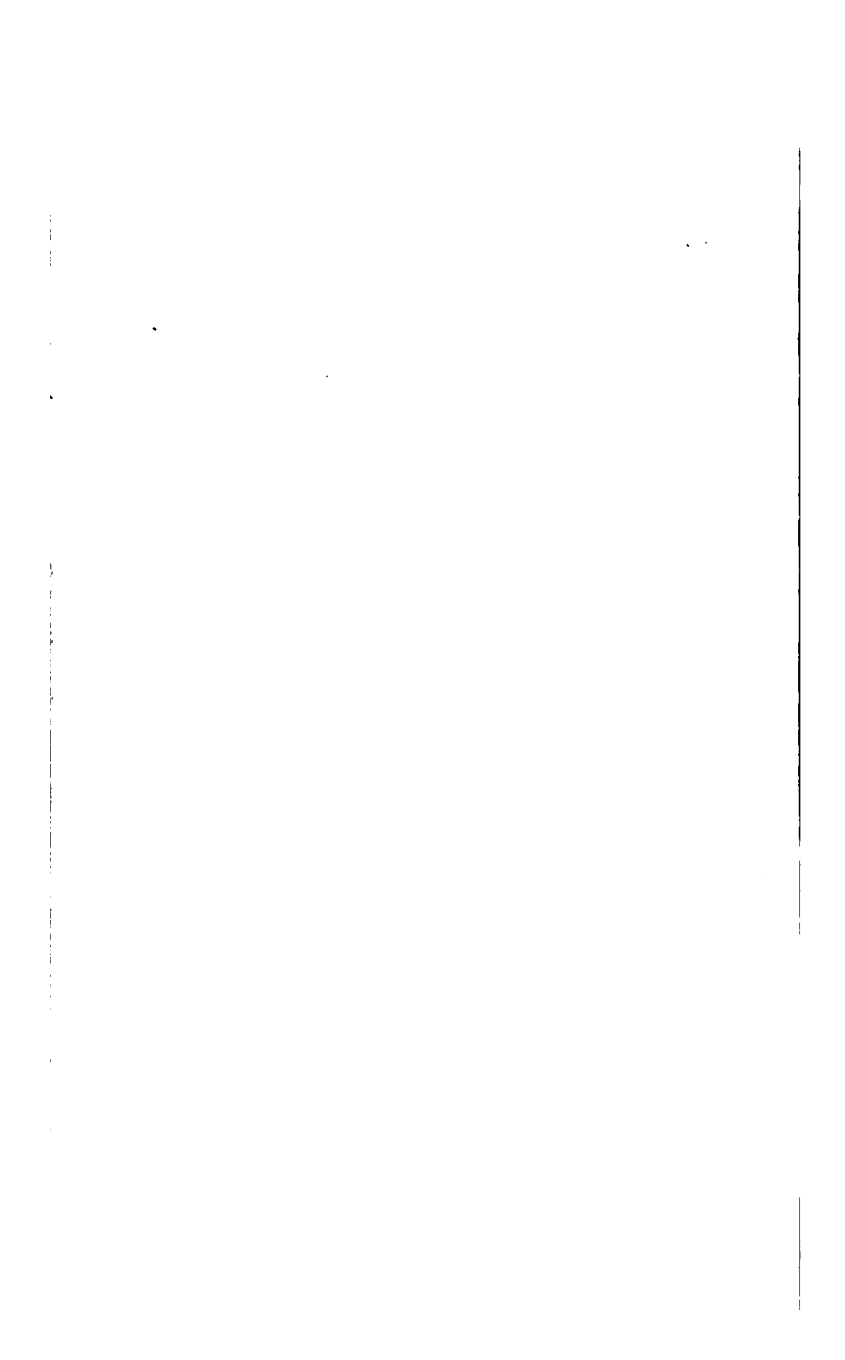
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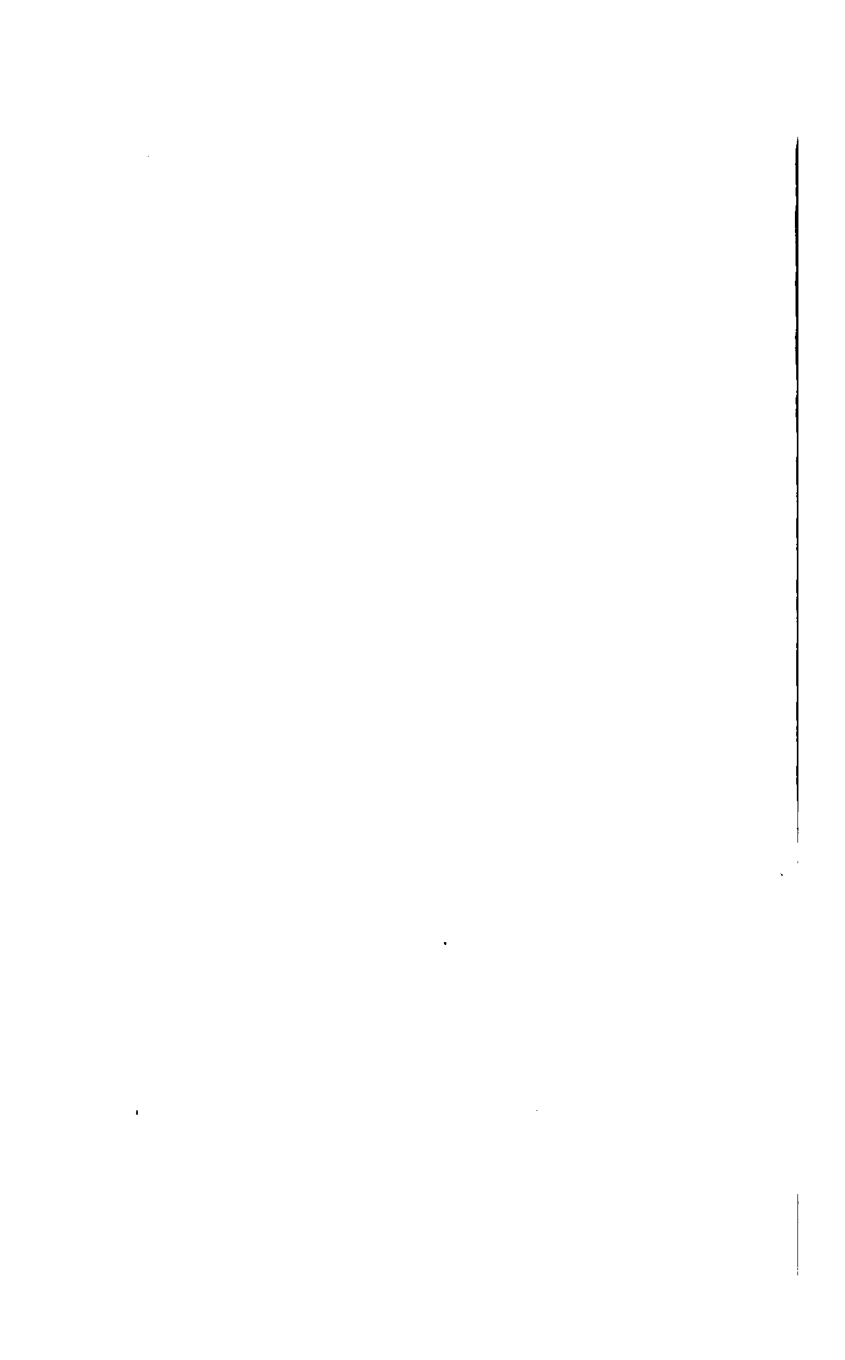
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MOUNT AUBURN.



PRELUDE.



I.

WHAT is Life? — a bubble dancing
On the sparkling fountain's brim,
Painted by the sunbeam glancing
O'er its evanescent rim.
Soon its soft reflected glories,
Images of colored skies,
Vanish — when the haze of evening
O'er the panorama dies.
Life, with all its bliss and troubles,
Melts like unsubstantial bubbles !

II.

What is life ? — a little journey,
Ending ere 't is well begun ;
'T is a gay disastrous tourney,
Where a mingled tilt is run ;
And the head that wears a crown
'Neath the meanest lance goes down.
Walk, then, on life's pathway, mortal !
With a pure and steadfast heart ;
So that through death's frowning portal,
Peacefully thou may'st depart !

III.

As we tread life's miry furrow,
Let us upward cast our gaze ;
Praying for a brighter morrow,
With its mild celestial rays !

When the grim old sexton hideth
In the grave this dross and ashes,
Think how the bright soul abideth,
And through endless ages flashes ;
Shining in that sparkling ring
That surrounds the Eternal King !

IV.

In the warp and woof of life,
Colors various-hued combine ;
Sombre shades and brilliant dyes
In the mingled web entwine.
Life is like a lovely garden,
Where the spring-time seeds are sown ;
But the summer-blooming roses,
Thick with vile weeds are o'ergrown ;
And the hand that plucks the weed,
Needs must spoil the nobler seed.

V.

What the triumphs vain of glory,
Banners taken, trophies won !
All are but the fireside story,
Told by peasant sire to son ;
Ghastly tales of cruel slaughter,
Hecatombs of bleaching bones,
Human blood poured out like water,
Ravaged harvests, tears and groans,
Myriads butchered like dumb cattle, —
These the frightful fruits of battle !

VI.

The grim-scarred and stalwart champion,
Whose encrimsoned mailed hand,
Hath the wreath of conquest won,
With the iron mace and brand,
Bindeth but a bloody trophy

Round his gorgeous-plumed helm ;
 A poor garland, wet with sorrow,
 Wet with tears of half a realm !
 If he lie all stark and pale,
 What will wreath and fame avail ?

VII.

His black war horse, gay with trappings,
 Champing the embroidered rein,
 Gored by the fierce rider, trampleth
 With his crushing hoofs the slain,
 Frantic o'er the dead careering,
 Drunk with carnage, nothing fearing !
 With the same brute courage dying,
 Equal in the dark trench lying ;
 Neither winning one poor tear,
 E'en to consecrate the bier !

VIII.

What are honors, what are riches,
What the haughty trump of fame ?
Dazzling meteors, vain delusions,
Echoes of an empty name.
What the spangled robes of grandeur,
Jewelled sceptre, gilded crown,
What the plaudits won by genius,
What the poet's wide renown ?
What but vain and idle breath,
Frosted by the chills of death !

IX.

What is beauty, but the image
Of the gay cloud in the stream,
Fading from its crystal mirror,
With the evanescent beam ?

What is pleasure, but the phantom,
Luring o'er the marshy waste ?
The false mirage of the desert,
Fleeting with deceitful haste ;
Trust not life above Life's sod ;
Trust in Heaven's smile, — trust in God !

MOUNT AUBURN.



SWEET Auburn ! o'er thy rolling slopes

**The sparkling winter snows are spread ;
Fast, fast the feathery flakes descend**

**O'er these calm dwellings of the dead ;
And evening, with its thickening glooms,
Enshrouds the city of the tombs !**

Yet ere the latest flame of day
Along these devious walks shall fade,
Let me across the breezy height
Still press, and through each sombrous glade,
And commune with this silent crowd,
In stony cell and swathing shroud.

Twilight enkindles with its blaze
White columns, glimmering all around ;
High soaring obelisks, that throw
Their lengthened shadows o'er the ground ;
And tapering shafts, and gleaming urns
Whereon day's latest incense burns.

Beneath this massy monument
With fretted roof and sculptured door, —
Beneath this gilded cenotaph,
With emblematic signs spread o'er, —
Who dwelleth ? Let him forth appear,
To greet with hospitable cheer !

Within this marble dome, that well
A regal palace might adorn,
Who dwelleth? Let him bid its gates
Upon their brazen hinges turn;
Spread the soft couch and heap the board,
And cause the golden cup be poured.

The dead! the dead, the only guests!
And greedy Death the sullen host!
They sleep, they moulder back to dust;
Their shapes, their mortal features lost;
They hold no revel, keep no cheer;
No rolling chariot, save the bier.

No sparkle of red gold and gems
Within their rayless chamber shines;
No flaming lamp, no blazing torch! —
All dark as India's caverned mines!
Nor jewelled crown, nor bridal rose,
O'er Beauty's shrouded forehead glows.

Across each dim embowered street
No flaunting cavalcade parades ;
No war-horse, in gay trappings decked,
Prances and curvets through the shades ;
No riders in brave vestments come,
With stormy trump and martial drum.

The hands that clasped the burnished sword,
Or aimed the battle's dripping spear ;
Trained the dark gun, or curbed the steed,
Are rigid grown and nerveless here ;
Hearts that once burned with fiery glow,
Extinct in ashes rest below.

Victors o'er land and sea repose
In dust together, side by side ;
The same soft verdure o'er them grows,
Flowers bloom, by the same sunbeam dyed ;
Their fights are o'er — the hungry worm
Banquets unheeded on their form.

The plumed troop, the clang of arms,
 May ne'er these peaceful paths molest ;
No roll of cannon, and no clash
 Of hostile steel may break their rest ;
War hath its own red fields to glean,
Where Death, the reaper, stalks unseen.

Here no long-drawn procession comes,
 With bridal gauds and favors bright—
The soft bride pallid as the rose
 That trembles in her tresses light ;
The wedding song, the minstrel's lay,
Cheering the pageant on its way.

No bridegroom revels here but death ;
 No marriage supper ; no vain show
Of jewels and of baubles rare ;
 No chaste embrace, no blushing glow ;
No dainties on the sumptuous board ;
No plighted ring, no wine-cup poured.

The call of merriment here finds
No echo — plaintively it dies
In sadness ; and the jester's laugh
Subsides in scarcely whispered sighs ;
Fashion's light gossip, Folly's tale
Sink to a murmured funeral wail.

The faithful dial-plate, that tells
The fading moments as they pass ;
The swinging scythe, the fleeting wing,
Time's idle emblematic glass,
Warn the vain steps that hither tend,
How brief their sports, how quick to end !

How brittle life ! and yet man weaves
The jocund dance upon its shore ;
Joy plaits her rosy chaplet-leaves,
And twines the wreath fair foreheads o'er.
Intent these bodies to adorn,
We scarce perceive the lurking thorn.

Round whirls the giddy waltz of life,
And Youth and Love the rout prolong,
Soft-spoken vows and honeyed sighs
Blend with the gushes of the song;
Men heed not how their moments haste,
But lavish them with spendthrift waste.

They look not to the shadowy past,
Nor strive to pierce the future's gloom;
Or, if they e'er would scan its shore,
They picture it all smiles and bloom;
Green meads and fruitful valleys spread,
Streams flow, flowers spring beneath the tread.

Blind idlers all! they view no hand
Trace mystic bodings on the wall;
Amidst the streaming lamps they see
No shade of doom about to fall;
No sword with the impending blow;
No grave-coif woven for youthful brow.

They dance upon the sands of Time,
They pluck its fruits, they quaff its wine ;
Far through o'er-leaning groves they stroll,
By crystal fountains they recline ;
The lulling cup of bliss they drain,
Till it o'ermastereth the brain.

On death's swift river forth they cast
No glance, though balanced o'er its brink ;
But from its turbid yeast of waves
Sick and affrighted backward shrink ;
Recoil its broken bridge to cross
O'er whirlpools that so chafe and toss.

Vain dreamers ! can they not discern
Their doom on Nature's every page ?
Those frail memorials, that repeat
Man's certain fate from age to age ;
The very flowers they wear to-day
In fading loveliness teach decay.

The painted cloud that sails above,
 Printing no trace in its career ;
And melting while the gazer looks,
 To brighten o'er some distant sphere,
Through all its boundless journey's range
Inscribes its homily of change.

Stars glitter, and then pale their fires ;
 The moon exhausts her silver urn ;
The sun consumes his sinking pyres,
 And his red altars cease to burn ;
The northern meteors far illumine
The dome of night, then fade in gloom.

And Seasons pass ! Spring's verdant wand
 Quickens the juicy herb and shoot ;
Blithe Summer passes crowned with flowers,
 And Autumn weighed with luscious fruit,
Till Winter, with his icy spear
And snowy shield, o'ercomes the year.

Forth to the deserts, if we pass,
Or track the wilderness of woods,
Where Silence holds her awful court,
Or Solitude broods o'er her floods;
Our footsteps stumble by the way,
O'er cities buried in decay.

We muse o'er Thebes' deserted wall, ⁽¹⁾
And pace with awe each lonesome street,
Where but the barking fox is heard,
Or jackal's howl, or wild goat's bleat;
There proud Egyptian kings were crowned,
And Pharaoh's chariot shook the ground.

Her hundred gates have sunk in dust;
Her towering palaces lie low;
In her vast halls the Arab's fire
At evening pours its fitful glow,
Where once unnumbered lamps were lit,
And emperors at feasts would sit.

Amid those courts the camel's bell
Tinkles along the trampled grass ;
The shepherd spreads his canvas tent,
The straight-limbed water-carriers pass ;
Tribes whet their blades, or lean their spears,
On graves of many thousand years.

With vacant eye he views the spot,
With listless step he prints the sand ;
The shivered column, mossy shrine,
He spoileth with a ruthless hand ;
And tramples, in the desert's dust,
The sculptured fane and noble bust.

He disentombs the buried dead,
And heaps them on his smouldering fire ; ⁽²⁾
Dark mummies, once that filled a throne,
Or swept the grand Egyptian lyre ;—
He heeds them not—his only care
To tend his browsing cattle there.

The boatman, as his leaky barge
Drifts down the broad and sluggish Nile,
Bearing, mayhap, some Nubian tribe
To Cairo's slavish mart the while,—
Scarce turns his turbaned head to mark
Those wrecks all ruinous and dark.

What reck's he of each wasted tower,
Majestic sphinx, or massive arch;
Temples, where centuries have held
Uncounted their successive march;
Columns and pyramids sublime,
That mock the wearing tooth of time?

He nothing heeds, nor fain would know
The mysteries of hoary Eld;
Nor asks what vanished race of yore
These deserts in dominion held;
Whose hands upreared the lofty shrines,
Whereon the broken moonbeam shines.

Yet pilgrims from enlightened climes
Come, o'er departed pomp to muse;
To trace their glories,—and their strange
Dim hieroglyphics to peruse;
To wipe the drifting sands away,
And ope their treasures to the day.

Great Cheops! on the topmost stone ⁽³⁾
I've stood, of thy vast pyramid;
And by the blazing torch-light read
The secrets in thy caverns hid;
And scanned those blackened walls with dread,
Reared to enclose thy kingly dead.

How thrilled the soul with crowding thought,
As far the eye the desert viewed,
Tracing Sycara's massive piles,
Soar o'er the boundless solitude,
Uprearing their dark steps on high,
As if to prop the bending sky.

Beneath, the fertilizing Nile

Poured its full flood o'er smiling plains ;
Changeless as when Sesostris led ⁽⁴⁾

The myriads of his wide domains,
And here encamped, or reared the mound
Of the tall pyramid from the ground.

Dull were his soul, who, all unmoved,
O'er these stupendous structures goes —
Stern relics of a perished race,
Wrapt in oblivious repose ;
Nor heeds the lesson that they tell
Of human weakness, like a knell.

And he that walks the lonely plain,
Where Pæstum's wondrous temples rise ; ⁽⁵⁾
And views those venerable piles,
Smile faintly 'neath Italian skies ;
'Mid shrines where a lost race hath knelt,
Glows with emotions seldom felt.

I paced with awe their solid floors,
And each long line of columns scanned ;
What buried people worshipped here ?
What builders these grand fabrics planned ?
Here Cæsar led his armed men,
And these were ancient structures then !

'T is sad to pass Pompeii's gate,
And tread its solemn "street of tombs ;" (6)
To trace the wheel-worn pave, and courts
Where the neglected wild flower blooms ;—
An awful lesson here is read,
In this wide city of the dead.

And sad the sacred hill to climb,
Where Rome bewails her line of kings ;
To pace the Forum, and the plain
Where high the Arch of Titus springs ;
Beneath the Colosseum pass,
Where flaunts the weed and waves the grass.

And sad to tread thy fanes, fair Greece !
Thy Parthenon, — thy shrine of Jove ;
Serene they rise, though waste of time
And human wrath to spoil them strove ;
Still to the crushed, degenerate Greek
The dead from these old altars speak.

The Turk beleaguered thee around ;
In swarming hordes fair Corinth scaled ;
And queenly Athens wept to see
Her proud Acropolis assailed ; ⁽⁷⁾
But now the tall grass o'er those foes,
Fierce Turk and Greek, luxuriant grows.

Turn we a moment to thy green
And soft retreats, sweet Père la Chaise ; ⁽⁸⁾
Where e'en the gay Parisian checks
His jest, and laugh, and sportive ways,
And drops the tributary tear
O'er the white stone or passing bier.

How thick th' assembled dead extend
Their granite streets and marble lanes!
Here gilded spire and wooden cross
Rise side by side, o'er man's remains;
Nor scorn to lie the haughty great
With the poor beggar at their gate.

Myriads of costly chapels ope
Their grated fronts o'er all the place;
Each with its votive altar spread
With crucifix and flower-filled vase;
And chair for the pale weeper set,
Who comes the kindred dust to wet.

Here Abelard and Heloise
Repose beneath their Gothic dome;
Molière, Laplace, and La Fontaine,
After life's fever, have gone home;
Sages renowned, and lofty bard
Of France, sleep in this flowery sward.

Upon the green hill's breezy top,
Victors in many a tented field
Repose; Massena takes his rest;
Davoust, Suchet, their batons yield
Unto a mightier chief than they;
And bravest of the brave, sleeps Ney.

The cypress weeps, the willow droops
Its silver tassels o'er their grave;
And springing grass and rustling shrub
Sigh mournfully o'er the brave;
An army o'er their bones might speed,
Nor they its trampling thunder heed.

Beneath yon Pantheon's golden dome ⁽⁹⁾
Napoleon wears the sable pall;
His rod of empire, sword, and crown,
Resigned to him that conquers all;
While o'er him droops his banner's fold,
So oft in human slaughter rolled.

And near gay Paris' thronging gate
Its ancient kings in state are laid
Beneath the gray Cathedral's roof,
Within St. Denis' vaulted shade ; ⁽¹⁰⁾
Through nave and transept streams the day,
From the stained windows, o'er their clay.

Dagobert earliest rested here ;
And passing generations bring,
To moulder in their gloomy crypts,
Queens, princes, emperor and king ;
Louis' and Francis' royal line,
With Henry's, here their dust combine.

A solemn scene ! o'er the old tombs
The sculptured forms extended laid !
Some folding meekly their clasped hands,
Some grasping still the battle blade :
Who might with tears refuse to wet
Thy ashes, hapless Antoinette !

Turn we across the Western wave,
Majestic forests to explore ;
O'er wrecks of unknown cities muse,
Where beats the wave the Mexic shore ;
To view the stately pride of man
Abased, o'er lonely Yucatan ;— ⁽¹¹⁾

Roam far o'er Guatemela's plain,
By shadowy wood and lapsing stream ;
And lo ! in wildernesses rise
Dark mounds, and ruined cities gleam ;
Vast walls, forsaken palaces,
O'erlook the blue Caribbean seas.

Deserted and untrod they stand,
Long collonades, all green with moss ;
The wild vines flutter o'er their tops ;
The blooming aloes o'er them toss ;
While the swart Indian walks below,
Nor craves their history to know.

Fuego and Cartago roll

Their thick volcanic smokes above ;
Unmeasured plains extend around ;
Wide waves th' impenetrable grove ;
The vast Pacific's hollow roar
Beats ever on the yellow shore.

Chiapas, Uxmal, Palenque !

Sole relics of a faded race,
How many centuries have strove
Your sculptured glories to erase !
To prostrate, even with the ground,
Idol, and roof, and votive mound.

What early race your altars built ;

Buttress and bulwark piled so high !
These tablets graved, these stuccoes formed ;
These stony roofs, heaved to the sky !
Their name, their numbers, who can tell ?
When they arose, and when they fell.

Cortez and Montezuma led

Their mailed cohorts by 'their gate ;
And viewed with awe the mouldering piles,
Where Desolation sat in state ;
Rising in ruined grandeur then,
A wondrous spectacle to men.

We ask of Time — but Time returns

No answer to the earnest call ;
His rustling wing but seems to sigh
O'er vine-drest arch and ivied wall ;
His rusted gates he casts not back,
To show departed nations' track.

All we may know, is that the hearths

And altars, the dark funeral urn,
Of a once learned and polished race
Survive, — but they may ne'er return !
The Past, with its oblivious tomb,
Hides them in thick impervious gloom.

Yet with how piteous a voice
To lingering pilgrim speak these stones !
Telling of earthly power and pomp
So humbled, with their monitory tones !
Of people vanished from the day, —
Of wealth, of valor, of decay !

So in some distant year these shrines,
That o'er Mount Auburn's borders swell,
Left in a lifeless, desert realm,
May sole survive our names to tell ;
And long the stranger's eye may strain
O'er these graved slabs some light to gain.

Throughout all ages man hath loved
To bear his dead to sacred ground ;
To rear the temple and the shrine,
And heap the monumental mound ;

That all the living might resort
To muse in Death's triumphant court.
With priestly rites, in darkling grove,
The German did the dust entomb ;
Th' Egyptian bore th' embalmed corse
Deep in the secret catacomb ;
The Hebrew, with a tender care,
To blooming garden, fertile vale,
Bore the dear freight with plaintive wail ;
The Asiatics by their gate
In Sarcophagi laid their great ;
The Greek by storied stream, or fount,
His shaded cemetery chose ;
And by the sacred Appian way
The Roman's cenotaph arose ;
He caused the classic pyres to burn,
Then heaped the ashes in its urn ;
The solemn Moslem bears the dust
To some secluded dim retreat,
Where mosque and minaret arise,

And the broad cypress branches meet.
E'en the rude Indians build the cairn,
The swelling mound and barrow heap;
And love, poor exiles of the land,
By their ancestral graves to weep;
Sing o'er their brave each martial deed,
And immolate the votive steed;
While each one adds a tribute stone,
Till high the tumulus hath grown.

How lovelier this soft place of rest,
Far from the chafing tides of life,
Than charnel or cathedral vault,
With populous corruption rife!
There wafts no breath of perfumed air,
To cheer those damp and noisome cells;
No sigh of murmuring leaves distils,
No gay expanding blossom swells;
But cankered gate and dripping wall
The tenants hold in fearful thrall.

In narrow mansions thick they lie ;
Above, rolls life's perpetual tide ;
The idle footstep o'er them spurns ;
The hollow jest and burst of glee
Sound o'er them, and few pause to know
Who in their cerements lie below ;
Or, if a heart-sick weeper comes
To shed the unavailing tear,
The flickering taper's scanty beam
Serves but to show those vaults more drear !

Sweet Auburn ! 'mid thy soothing shades
And verdurous lanes, how dear to walk ;
Of other scenes, and parted years,
And friends, to hold familiar talk.
How dear to climb thy breezy height,
And view the lovely landscape o'er ;
See rural farms and villas spread
By Charles' cultivated shore ;
The distant sea, along whose verge

White sails, like drifting sea-birds, skim ;
Yon city, o'er whose crowded roofs
A cloudy canopy rests dim ;
The neighboring church, upon whose spire
The merry sunbeams dance and play ;
The ancient courts, where Harvard holds
Her mild and undisputed sway.

The voices of the work-day world
Here reach in softened falls the ear ;
The buz of traffic, din of trade,
May not molest the pilgrim here ;
The city's passing multitudes,
The tramp of all its constant feet,
The roll of wheels, the clang of hoofs,
That thunder through each swarming street ;
The chime of solemn pealing bells,
That cause its hundred belfry's quake, —
Softened and sweet, in waves of sound
Scarce audible, this silence break.

Gaze forth, when Spring's soft-falling rains
In genial showers refresh the earth,
And o'er all Nature's green domains
Fresh flowers are springing into birth ;
Or when triumphant Summer casts
From his bright chariot genial heat ;
And thick and many-leaved, the woods
Of Auburn weave a cool retreat ;
Or when the gorgeous Autumn sheds
His mingled dyes upon their tops ;
Coloring their leaves with every stain
That on the painter's pallet drops ;
In azure pomp, or hues of gold,
Richer than blazoned flags unrolled ;
And then confess no lovelier show
The spanning firmament doth know.
Gaze forth — how fair the blush of morn !
How soft the veil of eve is shed !
How bright the cheerful blaze of noon
O'er all the radiant scene is spread !

At morn, across the dewy plain,
The pearly hoar-frost glitters white ;
And when each planetary sphere
Glistens, and the moon rolls serene ;
And forth the twinkling stars appear,
To shoot their bright shafts o'er the scene ;—
A holy calm pervades the air,
To soothe one like the voice of prayer.

How deep the hush ! the noisy jay
Folds its blue pinions for the night ;
The wood-dove, on the bending spray,
Reposes from its airy flight ;
And fast the high-flying hawks descend,
The cawing rooks all homeward tend,
The red-bird seeks her swinging nest,
The warbling sky-lark sinks to rest.

Wide, wide, this dim primeval wood
In mighty grandeur spreads around,

Casting its shadows heavily
O'er all the moist untrodden ground ;
Above, a solid roof it weaves
In many a verdant arch and dome,
Far through whose thick expanding leaves
The struggling sunbeams faintly come ;
And many a tall and knotted trunk
Sustains the old majestic pile,
And many a shooting spray and branch
Bend o'er to shape the vaulted aisle ;
And many a tempest-twisted tree
Forms chancel, nave, and sacristy,
Whose trunks the ivy and the grape
With waving festoons thickly drape.

Spreads the old forest, dim and deep,
Like some renowned baronial hold,
Some gray monastic edifice,
Some vast cathedral, stained and old !
As now, amid its alleys green,

You ramble on with solemn pace,
Pillar, and aisle, and architrave,
In the o'erleaning grove you trace;
The curving arch, the fluted shaft,
The cornice quaint, and sculptured frieze;
Dark buttress, statue-covered wall,
Your eye along the fabric sees.
The chapel opes its dusky room,
Now sun-lit, now profound in gloom;
The altar from some turfy mound
Rears its green masses from the ground.

An all-pervading tinge of awe
Into the inmost spirit flows,
As up the long-drawn aisle the foot
Across the grassy carpet goes.
When slow the dimly-falling eve
The lonely place with darkness steeps,
And through each glimmering grot and dell
With weeded form mysterious creeps,

The gazer in each swinging bough
And in each lonesome shadowy nook,
May fancy the dull-vestured form
Of aged priest with cross and crook,
Or dark monk telling o'er his beads,
Or meek nun in her convent weeds,
Or mitred prelate at midnight
Muttering the doleful funeral rite.

In the uncertain sombre gloom
Imagination rules at will ;
And spectral shapes the depths around
In scarce-seen long procession fill.

The pale moon from her azure throne,
As cold her silvery beams she sheds,
Reveals to Fancy's mystic gaze
Groups gliding on with soundless tread ;
Amid the deepening shades half lost,
A train of maidens sorrowing moves,
With hands upon their bosoms crossed,

Each with a snowy wreath of flowers,
Upon her marble temple bound ;
And slow they bear some lifeless form
With sighs and sobbings to the ground.
Methinks that on the breeze of night
That rustles through the leafy boughs,
I catch their lowly muttered prayers,
Their plaintive hymns, their whispered vows;
For the departed soul they raise
A requiem sad, a psalm of praise ;
Then leaving the pale dead in dust,
Their wailings in one final burst
Of sorrow, tremble on the ear,
And in the gloom they disappear.

Sweet sounds, sad sounds amid these glades
Forever ringing on are heard ;
In every tangled thicket peals
The blithe gay carol of the bird ;
The lark from her green home up springs,

And pours her mellow gush of song ;
And the wild jay and purple dove
Repeat their mellow descant long.

With many a plaintive note the breeze
Along the murmuring forest moves,
Harp-like among the trembling leaves,
Waking the music of the groves ;
And when the winter storm descends,
And the tall grove beneath it bends,
The deep-toned organ of the blast
Rolls grandly its full volume past.

Dust of my kindred ! it is meet
Your urn should first arrest my feet ;
The snow-berry blooming at the gate,
The honeysuckle's climbing vine,
Invite the votive wreath to form,
The flowery chaplet to entwine ;
And first upon the tablet's face
Thy venerated name I trace,

Dear Grandsire — laid in peace at last, ⁽¹²⁾
Beyond the bugle's warlike blast, —
Sleep! till that final trump shall sound,
To summon all within the ground.

Above the ancient warrior's tomb
Let his torn banner twine a wreath;
Lay his bruised helm and drooping plume,
And sword long rusted in its sheath;
That sword at Valley Forge dyed red,
And Monmouth's sanguine plain,
And many a hot-disputed field,
Lies idle as the slain.

And bring the youthful soldier's blade, ⁽¹³⁾
Who early in the conflict met
A soldier's honorable end,
Beneath the flashing bayonet!

Vain earthly Glory! 'T is the mail,
The bruised mail all eat with rust;

Which hangeth as a hatchment frail,
Above the champion's dust ;
'Tis the defaced and moss-grown verse
The gray old grave-stones bear,
Which the dull monk may scarce rehearse
To wandering pilgrim there !

A snow-white garland let me bring
Above this infant dust to fling.
But yesterday this hollow cheek
With ripe and glowing health was red ;
But icy cold and ghastly bleak
Are now these features of the dead ;
Fades the bright eye, and each light tress
That seemed to court the fond caress,
Flowing in wreaths of silky gold,
Here rusts in th' insensate mould ;
And the light laugh of infant glee,
And many a tone of childish mirth,
When danced upon the parent's knee,

Around the social winter hearth,
May no more lisp in mortal ear
Life's long and rugged way to cheer.

Sweet Ada! By thy brother's side ⁽¹⁴⁾
Repose, and soar with him to God!
For him our tears have scarcely dried
Upon the monumental sod;
He, poor, pale bud, but yesterday
Led upward to heaven's gate the way.
Each pressed the self-same couch of rest,
When evening gathered dim and calm;
Each was enfolded to the breast,
And fondled by the self-same arm;
Each shared their baubles and their toys,
Upon the nursery's narrow floor,
(Alas! frail relics of past joys,
They tempt those little hands no more;)
And side by side rejoiced to share
The self-same household cup and chair;

And now one humble resting-place
Clasps them within its cold embrace.

Methought on that calm Sabbath day,
As pealed the church bells on the ear,
'T was good from the thronged world to
stray,
And muse awhile in silence here.

Around — a silent multitude !
The dead — were locked in solemn sleep,
Beneath Mount Auburn's guardian wood ;
Whose drooping branches seemed to weep,
As the faint breeze their summits swept,
Or through the lifeless foliage crept.

Methought soft voices thrilled the air,
As if the buried dead would raise
Their sighings in the solemn prayer,
Or in the choral song of praise ;
Now swelling forth some lofty psalm,

Such as in aged cloisters rang ;

Now hymns as plaintive, soft, and calm,
As if a choir angelic sang.

To the rapt soul that sacred gloom
Sheds mystic influence on the heart ;
And turfy mound and marble tomb
The tenderest teachings may impart.

Dear Brother ! could I stand that day ⁽¹⁵⁾
Beside thy long-since mouldered clay,
And spell upon that tarnished plate
Thy name, and of thy age the date ;
Nor wake all freshly from their trance
The memories of by-gone years !
When life seemed but a whirling dance,
All sunshine, with no showery tears ;
Might not those lips, though frozen, speak ?
Could not that pale brow beam again,
That bloodless and deep-sunken cheek
Wear as of old its ruddy streak !

Might not the glazed and hollow eye
Again these forms of life descry ;
The stiff hand be put forth to grasp
Thy brother's in its generous clasp ;
Could we not read on Memory's page
The records of our earlier age ;
Efface the dust from Memory's glass,
And bid in dim procession pass
Scenes of departed years and days,
Evoke them to our present gaze ;
Recall our mutual wanderings o'er,
In foreign clime, by foreign shore ?

Yes! the lost dead may never die, —
From the blue fields of air they call ;
From the deep charnels, where they lie
Bound in their swathing shrouds and
pall ;
From the soft cloud — a floating speck
In ether — they lean o'er and beck,

Wave their bright pinions, and extend
Their palms, whither they'd have us
tend !

Let not the dead then die in vain ;
E'en let our losses be our gain ;
Let lisping babes and hoary eld,
Beauty, the rarest e'er beheld,
Princes, in regal state that lie,
And the poor slaves in huts that die ;
Brethren and parents, wife and child,
Still speak, though dead, in accents mild,
Teaching how brittly frail the thread
That parts the living from the dead ;
Tell of the joys of worlds of bliss
Bestowed for lives well spent in this !

Hard by, a classic structure holds
Her dust, whose faithful pencil drew ⁽¹⁶⁾
Judea's long-renowned race,—
The story of the old Hebrew, —

The glories of their ancient kings,
Though vanished, brighten o'er her page, —
The record of their fame and fall
Surviveth still from age to age.

Though sunk in slavish bondage now,
Poor exiles from fair Galilee,
Before the Egyptian forced to bow,
Or to the swart Turk bend the knee ;
Though fierce embattled armies hem
Thy walls, renowned Jerusalem !
And flames the crescent, while the cross
Is trampled in the miry fosse ;
Though heathen mosque and minaret
O'er Tyre and Sidon thick are set ;
Though Palestine's meek daughters weep,
Where Kishon's sacred waters sweep ;
Though crushed to earth thy king and
crown,
Thy temples by rude tribes trod down,

Still, thou may'st point to History's scroll,
And all thy glorious names unroll.

When the historian's column reels,
And crumbles in Time's gradual waste,
Thy sons, Judea, still may boast
Thy fame in living records traced.
Thou wast the earliest sleeper here, —
When shall the latest guest appear ?

We bear no garlands now, ⁽¹⁷⁾
Twined for the victor's brow,
Nor song of praise !
To Glory's iron hand,
To War's assembled band,
Sweeping o'er seas and land,
No hymns we raise.

But o'er thy noble head,
Spurzheim ! lamented dead !
Raise we the wail !

The laurel wreath we bind
In honor of the mind
In that pure frame enshrined,
Silent and pale !

Land of the golded vine,
Land of the lordly Rhine,
Weep, distant land !
Weep for your son, who came
Hither in Learning's name,
Bearing her sacred flame
In his pure hand.

His was the eye to scan
Clearly the mind of man
Through its dim night ;
His the hand to unroll
Boldly the mystic scroll
Of the deep human soul, —
Making it bright.

His searching wisdom taught
How the high dome of thought
 Pictured the mind ;
On that fair chart confest,
Traced he each restless guest,
Which in the human breast,
 Lies deep enshrined.

But as Time's rolling wave
Sweeps o'er the stranger's grave
 Year after year ;
Science shall watch his urn,
Pilgrims shall thither turn,
Beauty around shall mourn,
 Dropping the tear !

Siste Viator ! softly tread ! ⁽¹⁸⁾
Immortal relics sleep below ;
 O'er Channing's dust the waves of time
Here pour in constant ebb and flow ;

What though this earthly altar's flame
Beneath the smothering turf is laid,
This tabernacle of the soul,
Pressed down by the dark coffin-lid !
Still glows the fire in many a breast,
Enkindled by its ardent glow ;
And still though mute the fountain's source,
O'er earth its eloquence doth flow.

The Conqueror at the grave lays down
The trophies of his wide renown ;
And men forget the fields he won,
Though graved on his sepulchral stone ;
But o'er the good man's well-spent life
A halo of celestial light
Hovers, and gilds each shining deed
And virtue, with effulgence bright.

Thou spak'st ! and the bondman's chain
Weighed lighter on his fettered neck ;

A spark from Freedom's rosy dawn
Began upon his soul to break ;
And if e'er disenthralled, he stands
A freeman, breathing God's free air,
His heart, his lisping babes shall waft
Thy name upon the wings of prayer.

Sleep, youthful preacher ! all in vain ⁽¹⁹⁾
Thy hope that soft Italia's sky
Would fire the fading lamp of life,
Flush the pale cheek, relume the eye, —
All vain ! still health's delusive gleam
Fled like a phantom or a dream ;
Too oft night's middle watch was spent,
And thou o'er wakeful toils intent ;
Wisdom would ope her mines of lore,
But Death's deep shadow veiled the shore.

Thy spirit glowed with holy zeal,
God's sacred mysteries to reveal ;

And o'er the briery ways of life
The healing blooms of virtue strew ;
The dying saint sustain and cheer,
And show heaven's portals to his
view ;
The emblematic feast prepare,
The broken bread and wine-cup share ;
Witness the solemn nuptial vow,
And consecrate the infant brow ;
And blissful consolations pour
O'er dust departing from the door !
Sweet tasks, so soon to have an end !
Vain hopes — to a dark bourne ye tend !

Another pale scholastic head, ⁽²⁰⁾
O'er whom the cypress wreath is shed !
Dear Ashmun ! As I view the sand
Of life in thy dead hour-glass stand ;
And as I pluck the flower of gold,
That sprinkleth thy insensate mould,

The winged form of time fleets by,
Unheeded by my vacant eye ;
I turn o'er Memory's smiling track,
To win its lavished moments back ;
And from the dancing flower-crowned
year

Pluck a fresh wreath to grace thy bier ;
And in some sparkling fount of yore
Dip the bright urn, o'er thee to pour.

So kind, so gentle ! full of cheer,
Though slow disease consumed thy blood ;
Serene in intellectual light,

E'en on the verge of Death's wild flood !

So crowned with honors, so imbued
With learning from its purest spring ;

So free thy liberal gains to share,
How doth affection round thee cling !

And here the violet's eye of blue ⁽²¹⁾
Wets with clear drops of pearly dew

His grave ; long skilled the hoarded store
Of legal science to explore ;
From its pure shrine strip briar and thorn,
And its chaste front with bays adorn ;
Nor vain thy hard and patient toil,
Thy vigils o'er the midnight oil ;
Thy frame consumed with studious cares,
E'en as the blade the scabbard wears ;
For grateful will each laborer be
Who reaps the harvest sown by thee.

Two sleepers here all lowly lie,
O'erwearied with scholastic rule ;
No more the morning bell they heed,
No more the voices of the school ;
All empty stands the teacher's chair ;
Death's curtain hides his brow of care.

Thou sleepest ! but the soil is rich ⁽²²⁾
With genius nurtured by thy hand ;

Thy tender shoots, in vigorous prime,
Now bloom and brighten o'er the land.

Well didst thou love th' exhaustless mines
Of classic learning to explore ;

To catch the notes of golden song,
And heap up wisdom's sparkling ore ;

Thy patient zeal, thy teachings pure
Shall long in Memory's realm endure.

And oft to thy beloved urn ⁽²³⁾
Reared by affection's grateful hand,
The scholar's lingering foot shall turn,
Above thy cherished dust to stand ;
Thy brief inscription to peruse,
And o'er thy mild career to muse.

Nor will the eye unmoved behold
This spot, for Genius sleeps below ; ⁽²⁴⁾
Skilled Science' glorious torch to hold,
Enkindled with undying glow.

When musing o'er the Teacher's sleep,
The soul awakes its fountain's deep ;
The memories of other years
Then rise, with all their smiles and
tears ;

And joy and grief in turn transfuse
The dreaming hour with blended hues ;
A gentle sadness soothes the mind,
As o'er the harp-string sighs the wind ;
Till all the chambers of the brain
Thrill with the soft mysterious strain.

O'er Memory's dim and shadowy glass
Visions in vague succession pass ;
The long-lost, half-forgotten dead
In slow procession forth are led,
Wearing the self-same look they wore,
The very air and mien of yore !
What though so many years have rolled,
Since they were garnered to the mould !

What though the stained and moss-grown
stones

Long since have settled o'er their bones !
Time cannot blur, nor age efface
Each earthly charm, each heavenly grace ;
Each sweet endearing tone, that cast
Enchantment o'er life's tangled waste.

Methinks I see that joyous train
Of rosy schoolmates rise again.
It is the sunny afternoon,
In the soft merry month of June ;
They come with noisy whoop and call,
O'erwearied with the bounding ball,
Fast, fast descends each airy kite,
From its high-soaring giddy flight ;
And all in social circle meet,
Their marvellous legends to repeat ;
And quick the merry holiday
In pleasing converse slips away,

As each recites his fairy tale,
The attentive listeners to regale.

Years long have sundered far and wide ;
Time long hath severed with his tide
That group of yore ! Nor more again
May re-unite the broken chain ;
Some spread the sail o'er ocean's spray ;
Some pace the city's crowded way ;
And some, with pale scholastic look,
At midnight ponder o'er the book ;
But many on Mount Auburn's breast
Have sunk, life-wearied, to their rest.

Dear youth ! The ray of morn and eve ⁽²⁵⁾
Streams o'er this stone that bears thy name ;
But far beneath th' Atlantic sea
Is sepulchred thy frame ;
But here, with solemn step, may come
Affection, with her streaming eye ;

The father, with his manly grief,
The mother, with her mournful sigh;
The brother, with his look of care,
The sister, with her silent prayer.

When seeking, in a foreign land,
New vigor to thy wasting form,
How fondly didst thou pant once
more
To join the little group at home;
Or hope, at least, to say farewell
To life, beside the friendly hearth;
That kindred hands might close thy
eye,
And kindred hands place thee in earth;
But no! strange faces watched thy
pain,
And strangers laid thee in the main;
The inverted torch above thy name
Still upward casts the ethereal flame.

And far by Michigan's lone shore ⁽²⁶⁾
Thy brother in the prairie sleeps;
Where the light willow leaning o'er,
Upon the grassy pillow weeps.

The golden morn, the crimson eves,
As o'er the curving beach they spread,
Smile on the flowery ridge that heaves
Across the gentle stranger's bed.

And many a fragrant bloom of spring,
Snow-drop and lily, steeped with dews,
Along the vernal hillocks fling,
And Autumn showereth there its hues.

Thy kindred turn toward the West,
No more thy coming to await;
Nor for the long-expected guest
Impatient linger at the gate.

But Memory survives the tomb,
And human love delights to keep
Thy precious name in endless bloom,
Till those who loved thee with thee sleep.

For thee in fancy they will dress
With loving hands the distant bier ;
Still printing the last fond caress,
Still shedding the regretful tear.

Hark ! the funeral bell is tolling, ⁽²⁷⁾
Calling to the grave's retreat ;
And the funeral car is rolling
Through the city's crowded street ;
Now the silent marble holds thee
In its dumb and solemn rest ;
And the grassy turf enfolds thee
Closely to its heaving breast !

On thy pallid brow a shadow
From the wing of Death is cast ;
From thy sparkling eye, the brightness
That illumined it hath past ;
May the green grass, o'er thee sighing,
Whisper forth its tenderest air ;

May the sweet birds, o'er thee
flying,
Pour their mellowest sorrows there ;
Nature views with tearful lashes
The green spot that holds thy ashes.

Quenched is now thy studious taper,
And thy chair holds thee no more ;
For the scholar's vigil 's ended,
His task is done, his toil is o'er.
The spider on thy shelf is weaving
His spreading net from book to book ;
And the poet's harp is resting
Voiceless in his favorite nook.

The thoughtless world may soon forget
thee ;
But, in many a heart, thy name
Shall its sweet and precious perfume
Keep in freshness still the same.

O'er Time's sands the rolling billow
May deface thy bright career;
Yet will love and memory cherish
For thee the unceasing tear.

Classmate ! Lo ! how wondrous fast
Flies the wheel of time around !

Scarce a moment doth it seem
Since thy blushing brow was bound,
With the cloistered college crown,
Meekly worn, but nobly won.

As our little band departed

Pilgrims from our classic home,
Joyous each, and happy-hearted,

Through life's untried scenes to roam;
Little recked we of its sorrow,
Joy to-day, and grief to-morrow !

But, alas ! the thorny way
Hath entangled many feet ;

And how many are reposing
Where the church-yard tenants meet !

But no purer name than thine
Fills the tablet's mournful line.

Ashes to ashes — dust to dust!
'Tis written that the glowing cheek
In its youthful bloom must fade,
As decays the rainbow's streak.

The silver head, the locks of gold,
The reverend sage, the humble child,
Must vanish, with the crumbling
mould,
In rolling hillocks o'er them piled!

Gentle Pilgrim, fare thee well!
In thy dewy morn of day;
Yielding scrip and staff and shell,
Thou hast fainted by the way!
All who fill this vast procession,
Travelling down the vale of tears,
Will be shortly sleeping with thee,
Vexed no more with anxious fears.

Friend of departed college days — ⁽³⁸⁾

Dear Alfred ! Long my foot delays
While o'er thy pale remains I cast
A wreath, and ponder on the past ;
Up the bright stream of years I look,
And gaze in many a verdant nook ;
Midst sportive groups thy form I note
Down the careering current float.

The unquiet breeze that stirs the leaf
Above thee, with its plaint of grief,
Whispers a spirit-like lament,
As if to me Time's tongue outspoke,
Telling the lapse of moments spent,
And months and years, in measured stroke ;
I count the years above thee flown,
And muse how fleetly fly mine own.

The shadow of the granite shaft
Falls o'er thee, sweet Elizabeth ! ⁽²⁹⁾

An emblem of thy bloom of life,
O'erdarkened by the cloud of death.
I picture forth, as here I bend,
The very eve that saw thy end.
Of the faint light a broken beam
Streamed through the dim and quiet room,
Revealing with its transient gleam
The blossom ready for the tomb!
Parents and kindred wept around,
In sable weeds of mourning clad;
No voice disturbed the hush profound,
Save bitter sobs and whisperings sad.
Some pious hand above thy head
A little wreath of flowers had placed;
It seemed like a soft moonbeam shed
Athwart a melancholy waste.
Pale faded floweret! soon there came ⁽³⁰⁾
Thy Sire, beside thee to be laid;
Not long his dear enfeebled form
To follow in thy track delayed.

Another, 'neath the sombrous yew, ⁽³¹⁾
Once bright in beauty's loveliest hue !
Elizabeth ! like a pleasant dream
The memory of thy bloom doth seem ;
Alike all peerless and serene,
In festive hall or fireside scene ;
Fain would I paint thy matchless
 grace,
Thy loveliness of mind and face.

How rich a theme ! The human heart
With all its deep mysterious springs, —
 Undying love, unfading hope,
That o'er all earthly trouble flings
 A halo of perennial bloom,
 Like rainbow spanning o'er the tomb.
Sweet task ! to dip the airy brush,
 And paint, with colors of the mind,
 The peerless, priceless graces, all
In some pure human form combined ;

The deep dark eye, in whose clear
depth
The living soul beams forth in light ;
The inward, like the outward eye,
All intellectually bright ;
The pure brow, radiant as the crown
That tips the shining Alpine peak,
The dark locks darker than the night,
The crimsoned and transparent cheek ; —
All these are glorious themes that well
Might wake the lyrist's slumbering
shell.

This shapely spire, that heavenward
points
Should long the heedful step arrest, ⁽³²⁾
Engraved, five youthful names I read —
Five youthful sleepers taking rest ;
The fireside mourns five missing
forms,

Five vacant seats are at the board ;
Five precious offerings garnered here,
To swell the grave's insatiate hoard !
Far be the day — ere knolling bell
An elder guest shall herald here,
When pale, the illustrious Sire shall
press
The sad inevitable bier !

His voice of eloquence the first ⁽³³⁾
Upon these listening woods to burst,
When consecrating rite and prayer
Arose like incense on the air ;
Oft will the future pilgrim's eye
Seek out his marble to descry.

And oft thy dust the loitering heel ⁽³⁴⁾
Will check, whose philanthropic zeal
Helped to enclose these groves around,
And make these borders sacred ground.

Months, years have passed, since in the jar
Of human life our paths had met ; ⁽³⁵⁾

And almost those tumultuous scenes
Thy name had caused me to forget ;

But wandering in this peaceful spot,
With curious eye and thoughtful pace,

Upon this monumental shrine
Thy well-known name inscribed I trace ;

All that remains of thee on earth
Lies here ! — thy spirit hath passed forth !

How fit a type of human kind
Thy shining column, rent in twain !

A brittle shaft indeed, is life,
A smoking flax, a snapping chain !

This circling wreath of roses graved
Upon thy tablet's snowy side

All emblematic of thy group
Of offspring who 've untimely died,
Remind one of the thorn and bloom
Life's budding promise and its doom.

From memory's blurred and blotted
sheet

I wipe the effacing dust, and meet
In shining lines the record clear
Of thy calm, virtuous career.

Peerless and faultless! every grace ⁽³⁶⁾
Of intellect and charm of face
In varied loveliness combined
(Like soft hues in the rainbow twined
To fashion Beauty's radiant queen,
Unrivalled, matchless and serene!
In old chivalric days, when rang
The tourney's shout, and minstrels sang,
And flashing blade and knightly spear
Met in the arena's fierce career,
'Thy beaming brow and locks of jet
Had worn the queenly coronet;
'Thy hand the laurel wreath had bound;
The victor's plumed head had crowned.

Yet not triumphant charms alone
Had round thee an enchantment thrown ;
Nor yet the tones so silvery clear
Like music melting on the ear,
But rather the benignant soul
That lent a softness to the whole,
The mind with gentlest light that
glowed,
The heart with purest good that flowed,
The temper as transparent still
As glassy lake or tranquil rill,
These gave a witchery to thy name
And won thee all unconscious fame.

But low lies Beauty's crown of gold,
Tarnished and buried deep in mould ;
Its gilding and its gems in waste
Its sparkling ornaments defaced ;
No eye to mark, no knee to bow
In speechless adoration now !

But forth upon angelic wings
Th' enfranchised spirit upward springs
To sweep the golden harp and lyre
Mingled in Heaven's seraphic choir.

A plaintive gush! a sorrowful wail!
Pours o'er my harp the sighing gale;
Methought I heard a spirit's wing
Sweep o'er this pile of granite gray,
Or was it the soft plumes of Time
Wafting the fleeting years away!
Memorial of the generous dead! ⁽³⁷⁾
Who sank on Luxor's distant plain,
The bard with reverential tread
Leans at thy base to hymn the strain.

A stranger, dying and alone,
Far amid deserts darkly strown
With wrecks of ruined grandeur round,
Where desolation reigned profound,

No hand to soothe thy final pain
But the swart Arab of the plain!
Deep through the blinding mists that
weighed

So heavy on thy swimming gaze,
How turned thy thoughts o'er rolling seas
To home, to kin, to early days!
How sought thy feeble hand to place
This mausoleum o'er thy race!

As fondly to thy native shore
Thy thoughts in mortal anguish clung,
Its future glories all employed
The latest accents of thy tongue,
Thy hand its liberal wealth supplied,
That knowledge there might circle wide,
That free as God's unshackled air
All might the benefaction share.

A handful of poor dust here lies ⁽³⁸⁾
My friend! His spirit soars the skies,

Or by immortal streams reclines,
Or treads the court where God-head
shines!

Few years have rolled since from the
port

Of life, sailed forth our little fleet;
The breeze blew prosperous and the sea
Smiled o'er its blue unrippled sheet;
Swelled each white sail, and from the
mast

Fluttered each pennon to the blast;
Hope crowned the helm, and at the prow
Joy danced with flower-cinctured brow.

All mirth and pleasure! not a cloud
To stain heaven's blue vault with a speck!
No wash of breakers to portend
The tempest and the drifting wreck,
But merry as a marriage bell
Our fleet swept bravely o'er the swell.

And now myself all tempest-tossed
With shattered spar and drooping sail,
Prow rent, and guiding rudder lost,
The sport of every ruffian gale,
I gaze across the troubled deep
To view that gallant navy sweep;
But scarce a flitting sail is there,
Shown by the lightning's lurid glare;
And thou fast anchored by that shore
Where time's rough billows dash no
more.

Another! yes, a fairy skiff ⁽³⁹⁾
Just spreading forth its snowy sail,
Blown like a bubble o'er the surf,
Too frail to wrestle with the gale.
Life seemed to us a gilded dream
Colored by hope's delusive gleam,
A singer's stave, a jocund hour,
A merry tale, a scented flower.

Yes ! those were joyful days when
we

Strolled far beneath the woodland tree ;
Or watched the silken line and hook
Float down the idle-creeping brook,
And drew the starry-sided prey
From the deep hollows where they
lay,

Or from some sunny slope looked down
On bubbling fount, or thicket brown,
Or purple bay, all lonely still
While silence slept upon the hill :
Those bending woods as greenly wave
And shed their blossoms on thy
grave.

'T is a hard fate to gradual feel
The death-chill o'er these features steal,
While hope and vigor, day by day,
Weaker and weaker melt away,

Till the breath fluttereth from the frame,
As from the hearth-stone fails the flame ;
But oh ! most startling to be hurled
Unwarned to an unseen world ;
In life's first bloom to pass like thee,
To an unknown eternity !

And still another youthful heart ⁽⁴⁰⁾
Bidding to home and hearth farewell,
Hath joined the sleeping multitudes,
That in this silent city dwell.
Light lie the sod, soft fall the shower
Blithe trill the bird, fair bloom the flower !

Another ! yonder Cenotaph ⁽⁴¹⁾
Thy name upon its tablet keeps,
Thy ashes have a sepulchre,
Where Ocean's 'breaking billow sweeps ;
There rest, upon thy foaming bed
Till sea and land resign their dead !

Another! One whose mellow smile ⁽⁴²⁾
O'er human life a flush did throw,
As sunset gilds the Alpine pile,
Tinging with roseate flush the snow.
That smile though set to earthly love,
Will dawn in brighter worlds above.

The stranger's tomb! Who e'er hath
lost ⁽⁴³⁾
Some dear friend in a distant land,
Must with a throb of sympathy
Beside the stranger's marble stand!

So wedded are we unto earth,
So close life clings around the heart,
That like a knell the message comes
To bid us evermore depart:
Bitter! though friends and kin are by
To smooth the couch and close the
eye.

But gloomier strikes that tolling knell
Man's dying ear on foreign shore ;

When unknown faces gather round
And unknown forms are bending o'er ;
When stranger hands must dress the bier,
Hollow the grave, and drop the tear.

They come ! from Mississippi's tide,
From Northern Lake and prairie wide,
From Florida's flower-sprinkled plain,
From the remotest bounds of Maine ;
From shores where foreign billows boil,
E'en from the Asiatic soil,
To moulder in the stranger's mound !
By strangers ushered to the ground.

A garland for the noble dead ⁽⁴⁴⁾
A chaplet for the silver head !
The star that tells the mariner
Far over trackless deeps to steer,

Here wanes! — Like the sea's mournful
surge

The breeze o'er Bowditch sighs its dirge!

How bright the vision of a calm
And sweet retreat at close of life!

A peaceful fireside with its group
Of children, and the aged wife!

The curtains closed — the soft lamp lit,
The sofa wheeled beside the hearth;

While every eye around reflects
The inward glow of social mirth.

Upon the venerable head
Of Age, how proudly rests its crown!

The snowy crown of silver hair
Flowing in silky ringlets down!

The jewelled diadem that weighs
The monarch's stern imperial brow,

Is not so fair a sight to see
As Age's honored brow of snow!

And when his flame of life burns low,
And thick the damps of death draw near;
When fading cheek and failing eye,
Warn of the close of his career,
Around him draws the mourning group
To breathe sad partings and to weep,
Folding as if in rest his hands,
He calmly sinks to his last sleep!
So all serene thou sank'st to rest
As sinks the bright sun in the west!

A lovely temple! such as shone ⁽⁴⁵⁾
Upon thy classic mounts, fair Greece,
For which thy Kings exchanged their
throne,
War's stirring field, for the grave's peace!

The Preacher's desk! a simple shrine, ⁽⁴⁶⁾
God's holy volume o'er it spread;
Look! o'er its blessed pages shine
The destinies of these pale dead!

Emblem of our dear Lord ! the Cross ⁽⁴⁷⁾
Once reared on Calvary's awful hill,
Weep not ye mourners o'er your loss ;
The Saviour's promise waits you still.

A sorrowing cherub's wings expand ⁽⁴⁸⁾
O'er him who for his native land
Bore in wild seas her spangled fold,
And bled where loud her cannon
rolled.

Ere dies along this calm domain ⁽⁴⁹⁾
The latest echoes of my strain,
My humble tribute I would bring,
A vernal myrtle wreath I'd fling,
O'er one whose charms of form and
face
Once beamed with a resplendent grace.
In vain thy pale cheek would resume
In softer climes its wonted bloom,

In vain th' enfeebled frame repair,
The ravages of dull disease,
In tasting the delicious air
That sweeps the soft Carribean seas.
Earth had no balm to soothe the smart
Inflicted by consumption's dart!

I linger still where shine two white ⁽⁵⁰⁾
Pure marbles in day's setting light,
They tell how falling dews there weep
O'er child and mother laid asleep!
Peace to your slumbers till they break
On that great morn when all shall wake!

In the wide battle-field of life ⁽⁵¹⁾
Few sink with such a weight of years,
Few so maintain the lengthened strife,
Amid the splintering crash of spears.
Few so sustain Truth's spotless fold,
And Virtue's banner wide unrolled.

Yet on thy hatchment let us place
No boast of battle or of camp,
But o'er the spotless tablet's face
Thy mild and blameless record stamp.

Mute lies in dust the poet's lyre ⁽⁵²⁾
Green ivy binds its golden wire!
The hand that swept the tuneful chord
Moulders beneath this rustling sward!
Though dust to dust returns again
Still peals the bard's triumphant strain;
Long after the pale lips are mute
Resounds the poet's vocal lute.
Then let me to thy ashes pay
The twisted wreath, the humble lay.

Thy work is done! Thy friendly
door ⁽⁵³⁾

Opes to the entering guest no more!
Empty is now the social board,
The wine cup is no longer poured;

The sparkling group, the festal throng
No more may swell the mellow song.
As through the soft and swimming haze,
That veils the light of parted days,
I catch the jocund shapes that wove
The dance, where pleasure led the
ball,
I see thy look of human love,
And all thy modest worth recall.

A long and mingled roll of names ⁽⁵⁴⁾
Upon this tapering shaft I spell;
Soft infancy, and aged dames,
And sires, within its shadow dwell.
Sweet thought! that all the kindred
group
Which round the self-same fireside met,
Sharing life's varied sweets and griefs,
The joys that bless, the woes that fret,
Should at life's bustling journey's end,
Rejoined, their common ashes blend.

As on this mourning urn I gaze, ⁽⁵⁵⁾
My heart to foreign regions strays ;
Where last thy gentle form I met,
Whose name upon this shrine is set.
By the blue Rhone and Leman's shore,
And where the Alpine torrents pour,
We roamed, yet dreaming oft of home,
Of our green valleys o'er the foam.
Alas, 't was but a dream ! Thy name
Survives — earth swallows up thy frame !

Pale students ! Early on life's road, ⁽⁵⁶⁾
Long ere the mid-day heats, ye fell ;
While skies with golden hope still glowed,
And sunshine streamed through wood and dell ;
With singing hearts, and dancing bounds,
Along the dewy path ye pressed,
Then sudden fell ! — Five turfy mounds
Mark by the wayside where ye rest.
The primrose, steeped with honeyed dew,
Above ye will its bloom renew

Year after year the verdant spray
Its annual foliage will display ;
Year after year the gadding vine
Its blossomed garlands will entwine ;
But ye may never more return
From the dull sod and mossy urn !

Aged couple ! down Time's river ⁽⁵⁷⁾
With a tranquil lapse ye swept —
Tranquil, where its billows quiver —
Tranquil, where its mirror slept ;
Life-long borne where'er it leads,
'Mid soft pastures and green meads ;
Now Life's tides — your voyage
ended,
With Eternity are blended !

Blessings on these foreheads aged ! ⁽⁵⁸⁾
Crowns of silver, brows of snow ;
Generous hearts, that long assuaged
Others' ills, and strangers' wo ;

Happy they, who, noble-hearted,
Alms to suffering pilgrims lend!

Alms, outliving the departed, —
Good deeds with the grave ne'er end!

The lily, with its silver urn, ⁽⁵⁹⁾
The crocus and the snow-drop pale,
The daisy-tuft and milk-white thorn,
Their yearly sweets o'er thee exhale;
So Mary, the soft blooms of thought
In loving hearts wreathed with thy name,
Are hither by affection brought,
And shed like dew-drops o'er thy frame!
Bloom on, beyond Life's frosty shore,
In thy Lord's garden evermore!

Sleep, gentle spirit! skilled to heal ⁽⁶⁰⁾
Disease, and ward Death's flaming steel;
No art availed to turn the dart,
That quivered in thine own warm heart!

Not only in the gilded room,
Where wealth its silken pomps displayed,
From streaming eyes and brows of gloom,
Were tributes to thy memory paid ;
But in the patched and smoky shed,
Where Sickness drooped its aching head,
And Poverty unto her brood
With niggard hand doled out her food,
The heart-felt sob, the honest tear,
Fell on their benefactor's bier.

A lovely shrine ! A cherub form ⁽⁶¹⁾
Extended on its marble bed !
As if the gentle dew of sleep
Had drooped the little flowret's head.
Fair image ! Spotless as the snow,
Pure as the angel shape below !
When first that lifeless sleeper came
In the brown mould to rest its frame.

O'er Beauty and o'er Innocence ⁽⁶⁴⁾
A sad and solemn strain be sung !
Wreaths of the soft blue violet,
And pale rose o'er their mounds be
flung !

I read your names upon the stone,
I pluck the flowers above ye sown ;
Nor the poor dust recall to mind,
Frail relics of vain human kind !
But with a plume from fancy's wing
Paint ye all radiant as the spring ;
A soft May-day, with skies of blue
And flowers and foliage gemmed with
dew.

The Patriarch sleeps ! the snowy head ⁽⁶⁵⁾
That fourscore winters white had bleached :
Is strown with dust ! the pilgrim's tread
Life's rugged journey's end hath reached :
The palmer's staff and sandal-shoon,
Wallet and scrip and scallop-shell,

The aged hand hath put aside,
Within the dank sepulchral cell.

Oft in the crowded streets I paused
Thy venerable form to mark,

Still riding the rough seas of life,
Like some stout weather-beaten bark ;
Pleased thy mild lineaments to trace,
The goodness shining in thy face,
The kind eye in whose sparkling beam
Benevolence itself would gleam,
And thought how lovely to the sight
Seemed old age in its fading light.

Worn with the crazing cares of life ⁽⁶⁴⁾
Here hath a good man found his rest ;
No more the din of party strife
The dreamer's slumber may molest.

E'en as the sun at day's calm close
Departing, tints the clouds with gold,
So sinks the good man to repose,
And leaves a track fair to behold.

Gentle and beauteous! Like a spell ⁽⁶⁵⁾
Falls on my spirit the dear smile
And look of childhood, like a chiming bell
Heard at eve-fall from some gray pile.
Through all the world of nature round
No softer influence is found;
Beauty and innocence serene
May gild with joy life's darkest scene.
So when the spotless blossom fades
And in the cold clod's breast is hid,
A secret gloom my soul pervades,
The sparkling tear-drop weighs the lid;
E'en though the lovely form of light
Had been a stranger to my sight.
Dear little cherub! laid to rest
Beneath this swelling hillock's breast;
The story of thy loveliness,
Thy sweet look courting the caress,
Enchains my lingering foot-step long
And claims the tribute of my song.

Dear little cherubs ! To this mould ⁽⁶⁶⁾
That clasps you to its frozen breast,
I turn not — but to yonder fold
Of painted vapor in the West.
O'er yonder soft and gilded cloud
That sails serene the twilight air,
Joined with a bright celestial crowd
Your golden pinions upward bear ;
E'en as the radiant butterfly
Its wings of powdered gold doth ply.
Is it the sighing breeze I hear,
Or whisperings from your distant
sphere ?
As ye your heavenly anthems raise,
Or strike your angel harps of praise !

Sleep on together side by side ⁽⁶⁷⁾
Whom life nor death might e'er divide !
The cradled sleep of infancy,
On the same pillow closed your eye ;

Your kindred hearts in riper years,
Shared the same raptures, the same
tears;
And closer still in later age,
The cords of mutual love were twined;
And when one fled this mortal stage,
Not long the other paused behind!

True-hearted friend! Ere dies my
strain, ⁽⁶⁸⁾
And the poor harp lies mute again;
Fain from its dying wires I'd wake
One mournful requiem for thy sake;
Heap with fresh flowers thy early bier,
And pay the tribute of my tear.
Oft in this toilful work-day scene
From life's rough jostling throngs I
turn,
To ponder o'er thy worth serene;
O'er thy untimely end to mourn.

Another yet ! whose name recalls ⁽⁶⁹⁾
Past scenes, life's brightest and its best,
Past groups that peopled boyhood's halls,
Fair shapes in youthful beauty drest,
Engraved on memory's dusty page
In lines that mock the stains of age.
Years have on rapid pinions fled
Since we our mutual partings said !
The spot to me is all unknown
Where rests thy dust, where leans thy
stone,
Still holds my mind thy image yet
As though but yesterday we met.

"Resurgemus !" We meet again ! ⁽⁷⁰⁾
At length shall part the icy chain !
The iron fetters round us cast
Shall melt, and be dissolved at last.
But for a season shall these bones
Crumble beneath the incumbent stones ;

But for a season shall this dust
Lie in the grave's corroding rust ;
But for a season is this flame
Of life, quenched in its mortal frame.

Resurgemus ! we shall arise
When sink in gloom yon stretching skies ;
When sun and moon themselves grow pale,
And like extinguished tapers fail ;
When cease the ocean tides to roll,
And the earth withereth like a scroll ;
When all who sleep by vale and mount
Are summoned to their last account ;
And all the dead, by wood or shore,
Come forth, — then we awake once more !

Resurgemus ! These babes shall rise
On golden pinions to the skies ;
In spotless vestments forth shall pass
These youthful forms, — a countless mass !

These silvery heads, now soiled in
earth,

In long procession shall march forth, —
A numerous band, to be enrolled
With prophets, seers, and kings of
old ;

Each to be judged for ill or good
With those who lived before the
flood !

Resurgemus ! — Then weep no more
Life 's but a bubble — death no more ;
Death 's but a trifling grain of sand
Cast on eternity's wide strand !
Death 's but a stream that scarce divides
The Past and Future with its tides,
Soon must this storm-tost leaky boat
Of life, across its billows float ;
Live then as if to-morrow's wave
Would wash the portals of thy grave !

Resurgemus! Though centuries pass
And ages after ages end,
These tombs shall ope their gates of
brass
The inverted torch shall heavenward
tend;
The chrysalis shall break its band,
The butterfly its wings expand,
Time's empty glass shall pour again,
The broken shaft its form regain,
'The weeper's scarf unveil its urn ⁽⁷¹⁾
The spirit to its God return!

The ethereal spirit nought can bind;
This subtle principle of life,
This essence of the immortal mind,
Soars o'er all elemental strife.
Like mists that shroud by night the
vale
But high on morning's pinion sail,

The cerements of the charnel cell,
In vain would shut it in its shell:
It springs to life — it mounts to light,
Stretching to heaven's far gates its flight!

NOTES
TO
MOUNT AUBURN.

NOTE 1. Page 20.

THE glory of Thebes, a city of Upper Egypt, famous for its hundred gates, the theme and admiration of ancient poets and historians, belongs to a period prior to the commencement of authentic history.

NOTE 2. Page 21.

It is not unusual for the Arabs to convert into fuel the mummies found in the catacombs.

NOTE 3. Page 23.

Cheops is the largest of the pyramids of Gaza. In height it nearly reaches five hundred feet. It is estimated that the pyramid of Cheops covers about eleven acres of

ground. The author ascended to its summit with little difficulty. The ascent occupied but about thirty minutes.

NOTE 4. Page 24.

Sesostris is said to have maintained a numerous army, and to have conquered a great part of Asia. We have no historical authority for ascribing to him the construction of the pyramids.

NOTE 5. Page 24.

The grand ruins of Pæstum, consisting of three temples, are within about two days' ride of the city of Naples. These temples, visited by Augustus Cæsar, were considered ancient, even in his day.

NOTE 6. Page 25.

Ancient Pompeii was buried by an eruption of Vesuvius in the year 79, and was accidentally discovered in the year 1750.

NOTE 7. Page 26.

The famous Acropolis of Athens is a lofty rock, rising from the plain, some hundred and fifty feet in height, and enclosing within its walls the ruins of the Parthenon, and several smaller temples. The Parthenon, though greatly injured by time, and by the balls and bombs of the Turks, is a ruin grand and beautiful beyond description. We found at the gate a small guard of Austrian soldiers, who are stationed there to preserve it from further injury.

NOTE 8. Page 26.

Père la Chaise, the principal cemetery of the French capital, was consecrated in the beginning of 1804, and on the 21st May, of the same year, the first corpse was buried there.

NOTE 9. Page 28.

In this superb structure the remains of Napoleon were deposited in 1841. Here also were interred Voltaire, Rousseau, Mirabeau, Marshal Lannes, and other distinguished men.

NOTE 10. Page 29.

The kings of France, since the time of Dagobert, who died A. D. 580, have chosen the church of the Abbey of Benedictine Monks, in the town of St. Denis, for their place of burial.

NOTE 11. Page 30.

Vide Stephens's interesting "Incidents of Travel in Central America," for a minute description of these ruins.

NOTE 12. Page 45.

General William Hull, an officer of the Revolution, who died at Newton, Mass., Nov. 29, 1825, aged 74 years. This tomb may be found on *Poplar Avenue*.

NOTE 13. Page 45.

Capt. Abraham Fuller Hull, who fell at the battle of Bridgewater, Lundy's Lane, July 25, 1814, aged 24.

NOTE 14. Page 47.

Edward Cleveland and Adelaide Salisbury, children of Edward McLellan.

NOTE 15. Page 49.

Henry Blake McLellan, who died in 1833, aged 22, soon after his return from a foreign tour.

NOTE 16. Page 51.

Hannah Adams, historian of the Jews, &c. — first tenant of Mount Auburn. She died Dec. 15, 1831, aged 76. — To be found on *Central Avenue*.

NOTE 17. Page 53.

Gaspar Spurzheim, born on the 31st of December, 1775, at Longvich, a village on the Moselle, in Germany. Died at Boston Nov. 10, 1832, aged 56 years. — *Central Avenue*.

NOTE 18. Page 55.

The celebrated Dr. Channing died at Bennington, Vt., in the fall of 1842. — *Green Brier Path*.

NOTE 19. Page 57.

Rev. Samuel H. Stearns, born at Bedford, Sept. 12, 1802. Died at Paris, on his return from Rome to his native country, July 15, 1837, in the 36th year of his age. — *Moss Path*.

NOTE 20. Page 58.

John Hooker Ashmun, Professor of Law in Harvard University. Born July 3, 1800; died April 1, 1833.—*Hazel Path.*

NOTE 21. Page 59.

Hon. Asahel Stearns, formerly Professor of Law in Harvard University, and author of a valuable work on "Real Actions." Died Feb. 1839, aged 64 years.

NOTE 22. Page 60.

Frederick P. Leverett, for many years Principal of the Boston Latin School, and author of "The Latin Lexicon," a work which has truly been entitled "a monument of patient toil."—*Vine Path.*

NOTE 23. Page 61.

Clement Durgin, Associate Principal of Chauncey Hall School, Boston. Born Sept. 29, 1802; died Sept. 30, 1833. His monument was erected by his pupils.—*Narcissus Path.*

NOTE 24. Page 61.

Warren Colburn, the arithmetician. Died in 1833, at the age of 40. "Simple in manners, guileless in heart, educated by his own genius, he has left to the world a new avenue to mathematical science.—*Locust Avenue.*

NOTE 25. Page 64.

Edwin Buckingham. Born 1810; died 1833. His cenotaph was erected by Boston mechanics.

"The sea his body; Heaven his spirit holds."

Willow Avenue.

NOTE 26. Page 66.

Alexander Buckingham. Died near Chicago, Illinois, 1839.

NOTE 27. Page 67.

Benjamin B. Thacher, author of "Indian Biography;" editor of the "Picturesque Guide through Mount Auburn," &c., died at Boston, 1840. His remains lie in the tomb of his friend, the late Jesse Putnam. — *Beach Avenue.*

NOTE 28. Page 71.

Alfred Mason. Born March 24, 1804; died April 12, 1828. — *Willow Avenue.*

NOTE 29. Page 71.

Miss Elizabeth Bond. "Her sudden and mournful removal was like tearing out a slender but far-spreading tendril, that had wound itself about beneath a deep and rich vine, on the side of a dwelling, and leaving as it came away its place of repose disfigured and torn, beyond the help of future suns and showers." — *Indian Ridge Path.*

NOTE 30. Page 72.

George Bond. Died at Boston, 1842 — *Indian Ridge Path.*

NOTE 31. Page 73.

Miss Elizabeth Cabot.

NOTE 32. Page 74.

Children of Hon. Joseph Story.

NOTE 33. Page 75.

The Address at the Consecration of the Cemetery, Sept. 24, 1831, was pronounced by the Hon. Joseph Story.

NOTE 34. Page 75.

Joseph P. Bradlee. Died at Boston in 1838. The original foundation of the Cemetery was in a considerable degree owing to the zealous efforts of Mr. Bradlee, who engaged in the enterprise with his characteristic spirit. — *Narcissus Path.*

NOTE 35. Page 76.

Mrs. Sarah Tappan. — *Linden Path.*

NOTE 36. Page 77.

Mrs. Emily Otis.

NOTE 37. Page 79.

Mr. John Lowell, Jr. Died at Luxor, Egypt, in 1836, aged 37. His bequest of \$250,000 established in Boston the Institute which bears his name.

NOTE 38. Page 80.

James Jackson, Jr., M. D. A youth of great promise, who died at Boston, soon after his return from Europe, whither he had gone for the completion of his studies.

NOTE 39. Page 82.

William W. Sturgis. Only son of Hon. William Sturgis; a young man remarkable for his mental and moral qualities. He met with his death by a sudden accident that occurred while with a party on a fishing excursion. — *Catalpa Path*.

NOTE 40. Page 84.

Benjamin Rich, Jr. — *Narcissus Path*.

NOTE 41. Page 84.

David Patterson. Died at sea in 1834.

“He sleeps beneath the blue lone sea,
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O’er his low bed may weep.”

Indian Ridge Path.

NOTE 42. Page 85.

Charles J. Cazenove, of Boston. He lies in the tomb of his father-in-law, S. Greenleaf. — *Indian Ridge Path*.

NOTE 43. Page 85.

“The Stranger’s Tomb.” It belongs to the proprietors of the Tremont House, (Boston,) who, in 1833, caused it

to be built for the interment of strangers, who might de cease in the hotel ; and is intended as a place of either permanent or transient deposit. — *Chestnut Avenue.*

NOTE 44. Page 86.

Dr. Bowditch. Author of "The Navigator."

NOTE 45. Page 88.

The monument erected by Hon. Samuel Appleton : constructed in fine Italian marble, after the model of the tomb of Scipio Africanus. — *Hazel Path.*

NOTE 46. Page 88.

Tomb erected by the Rev. Mr. Gray. — *Central Square.*

NOTE 47. Page 89.

On Mountain Avenue the visitor will notice the beautiful plain cross of white marble, which bears the name of Swett. The tombs of "Hildreth," "Williams," and others, exhibit the same emblem.

NOTE 48. Page 89.

James Freeman Curtis, of Boston. An officer in the naval service during the last war ; and, subsequently, Superintendent of the Boston and Worcester rail-road. — *Yarrow Path.*

NOTE 49. Page 89.

Mrs. J. P. Cooke. — *Willow Avenue.*

NOTE 50. Page 90.

Enclosure of Amos Lawrence, Esq. — *Cypress Avenue.*

NOTE 51. Page 90.

Jesse Putnam. — *Beach Avenue.*

NOTE 52. Page 91.

Thomas Green Fessenden. Author of several popular works. — *Yarrow Path.*

NOTE 53. Page 91.

William Gallagher. — *Central Avenue.*

NOTE 54. Page 92.

“Howard.” — *Willow Avenue.*

NOTE 55. Page 93.

“Brimmer.” — *Indian Ridge Path.*

NOTE 56. Page 93.

Charles Chauncey Emerson, Frederick William Hoffman, William Foster, Elijah Mears, Samuel Glover.

NOTE 57. Page 94.

C. Joy and wife.

NOTE 58. Page 94.

Joseph Coolidge, and wife.

NOTE 59. Page 95.

Mary, daughter of L. M. Sargent.

NOTE 60. Page 95.

Dr. George Doane. — *Yarrow Path*.

NOTE 61. Page 96.

Tomb of C. T. F. Binney. — *Yarrow Path*.

NOTE 62. Page 97.

Miss Shattuck. — *Pilgrim Path*. Miss Crockett. — *Holly Path*.

NOTE 63. Page 97.

Zachariah Hicks. — *Walnut Avenue*.

NOTE 64. Page 98.

E. D. Bangs, late Secretary of the Commonwealth. — *Yarrow Path*.

NOTE 65. Page 99.

Child of J. Whitney. — *Willow Avenue*.

NOTE 66. Page 100.

Two infant children of Thomas Lamb.

NOTE 67. Page 100.

Mrs. Clapp and Mrs. Greele. Two much attached sisters, who deceased about the same time.

NOTE 68. Page 101.

Walter Stedman. A noble and most amiable youth, who lost his life, some years since, by the accidental discharge of a gun. He was interred in a neighboring town.

NOTE 69 Page 102.

Elijah Train.

NOTE 70. Page 102.

“Resurgemus!” — “*We shall arise!*” Inscribed upon the tombs of “Wyman,” “Howe,” and others.

NOTE 71. Page 105.

The tombs of “Thayer,” “Brimmer,” and others, show a weeper’s scarf cast over the urn.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE LAST WISH.



THE celebrated Wilson, the ornithologist, requested that he might be buried near some sunny spot, where the birds would come and sing over his grave.



IN some wild forest shade,
Under some spreading oak, or waving pine,
Or old elm, festooned with the gadding vine,
Let me be laid.

In this dim, lonely grot,
No foot, intrusive, ever will be found,
But o'er me, songs of the wild bird shall sound,
Cheering the spot.

Not amid charnel stones
Or coffins dark, and thick with ancient mould,
With tattered pall, and fringe of cankered gold,
May rest my bones.

But let the dewy rose
The snow-drop and the violet, lend perfume,
Above the spot, where, in my grassy tomb,
I take repose.

Year after year
Within the silver birch tree, o'er me hung,
The chirping wren shall rear her callow young,
Shall build her dwelling near.

There at the purple dawn of day
The lark shall chant a pealing song above,
And the shrill quail, when the eve grows
dim and gray,
Shall pipe her hymn of love.

The blackbird and the thrush,
And golden oriole, shall flit around,
And waken, with a mellow gush of sound,
The forest's solemn hush.

Birds from the distant sea
Shall sometimes hither flock, on snowy wings,
And soar above my dust in airy rings,
Singing a dirge to me.

THE GRAVE OF SCOTT.



THE Sunset's evanescent smile
That gilds each long and shadowy aisle,
Of Dryburgh's old monastic pile
Seems slow to fade,
From this sepulchral marble bed
Where lies the venerable head
Of Scott — with his forefathers' dead
All lowly laid.

Fit place of rest !
Around him famous champions lie,
His ancestry of years gone by,
Each with his sculptured effigy
 Stretched o'er the dust !
Bones of grave monks repose around,
Of knights in feudal wars renowned
Of mailed nobles, each one crowned
 With his grim bust.

Dead saints their holy palms expand,
Dark soldiers grasp the stony brand :
The plumed casque, the priestly wand,
 Watch o'er his sleep.
Well did he love your lives to paint
Rough vassal, and monastic saint,
With lifelike tale or lyric quaint,
 In colorings deep.

Well did he love the shadows dim
That o'er departed ages swim,
To pierce, 'till they revealed to him
 Their deeds of gloom.
Well did the Great Magician wield
His staff till each ensanguined field,
Its dead at his command would yield
 From time's dark womb.

He spake! and the soft landscape spread
Its verdurous borders to the tread,
Groves mingled their thick tops o'erhead
 Herds roamed below.
The stag and the wild boar swept
 by;
Loud peals the hunter's cheery cry;
Whistling, the cloth-yard arrows fly;
 Loud twangs the bow.

He sang ! and in the lofty strain,
Cheviot's bald summits gleamed again ;
Each mount in Scotland's broad domain
 Uprose to view,
Loch-Lomond and Loch-Katrine's roar
Resound along the idle shore,
And Tweed's melodious channels pour
 Their waves of blue.

He sang ! The brier-rose oped its
 bloom,
The sweet fern mingled its perfume,
The heath-flower tossed its colored plume
 O'er hill and vale.
His voice aroused deep solitudes
Drear deserts and primeval woods,
Amid whose brown impetuous floods
 Trode the wild Gael !

The fisher in his rocking skiff,
Beneath Ben Nevis' craggy cliff

Heard the wild song.

The sheep-boy tending his soft fold
And maiden with her locks of gold
In silken snood, or tartan rolled,

Dancing along !

He sang ! and the bold mountaineer
Whose bones for many a circling year
'Neath savage cairn, or snow-drift drear,

Forgot had lain,

Flashed his long spear and struck his
shield,

His claymore with stout arm would
wield,

And o'er the ancient battle-field
Stalked forth again.

Montrose awoke! and Moray's star
Shone o'er the lurid clouds of war,
While Argyle and bluff Earl of Mar
At Sheriff Muir,
Again the barbed horsemen led;
Again the lowland sword grew red,
Again the stalwart clansmen bled,
O'er heath and moor.

He sleeps! where Dryburgh flaunts the
weed,
And ivies their green tendrils lead,
While fast beside the silver 'Tweed
Perpetual pours:
Yon towers of Abbotsford arise,
And watch the spot where low he lies;
And near the latest sunbeam dies
On fair Melrose!

THE BROTHER'S RECORD.



The writer of the following lines, while turning over the leaves of the Travellers' Register, kept at the Hospice on the summit of Mount Rhigi, in Switzerland, therein found recorded, under date of August 16, 1832, the name of a younger brother, who deceased within a few months after his return to his native land. The incident suggested these verses.



UPON the torn and blotted sheet,
Thy well known autograph I meet !
Full long, dear Brother, hath the mould
Been heaped upon thy ashes cold,
And the pale death-shroud's ghastly fold

Been round thee spread ;
And that beloved name is found
Upon its tablet, o'er a mound,
In lone Mount Auburn's sacred ground,
Among the dead !
There in the lonesome woodland glade,
Beneath the spreading hemlock's shade,
'Mid whisperings by the white pine made,
Thou tak'st thy rest.
To that green bourne thy steps did tend,
There were thy wanderings all to end,
Sleeping with kindred and with friend,
On Earth's soft breast.
Hard by that old scholastic seat,
Within whose reverend retreat,
Learning's clear fount, both deep and sweet,
Thou lov'dst to taste ;
Patient to trim her sacred light,
Far in the watches of the night,
Fearing to lose Time's rapid flight
In idle waste !

Here on the Rhigi's lofty brow,
Thou trod'st the cliff that I tread now,
Like pilgrim on a sacred vow
 To some far shrine ;
Rejoicing o'er each rich-spread feast,
A youthful and delighted guest,
In these old empires of the East,
 By Rhone and Rhine :
Crossing these mountains of renown,
And lingering by hut and town,
Which warlike sword and priestly gown
 Have famous made :
Treading each grim baronial hall,
On whose decayed and 'scutcheoned
 wall
Old banners, drooping like a pall,
 Make sad parade !
Tracking the flowery plains of France,
Where forth of yore brave steeds did
 prance,
And the high-flourished spear and lance,

And sword and shield,
Oft glittered, as the crimson day
Shone on the stern Crusader's way,
Lighting the iron-clad array
To battle-field.

From this majestic rugged cliff,
Thine eye beheld the Switzer's skiff
In bright Lucerne below;
Smiled then that mirrored lake the same
As now, in its rock-girdling frame,
Touched by the morning's ruddy flame,
With a soft glow!
Thine eye did view yon blooming plain,
Green with the waving summer grain,
And yonder snowy mountain chain,
The Bernese range!
The Jungfrau's icy gleaming peak,
The Eigher with his forehead bleak,
The Aarhorn, where the thunders speak
In mutterings strange!

The Rossberg with its ravines brown,
From which the avalanche swept down
On Goldau's street !

Piletus, with dark storms o'erspread,
Dark Jura, lonely, dim and dread,
And many an Alpine mountain head,
Thine eye did meet ;
And gazing on each glorious scene,
Thy heart so tranquil and serene,
With joy did beat.

Health, hope and peace, in prospect bright
Arose, all lovely on thy sight ;
Painting the future with delight,
In hues of morn :

No sombre lines of heavy gloom,
No whisperings of an early tomb,
No warning of approaching doom,
To thee were borne.

Enchanted thou didst there peruse
God's works inscribed in fairest hues,

Thrilled with His glory and His power,
Seen in a world as in a flower,
Seen in wild tempest and in shower,

From pole to pole!

Thou didst bow meekly, and adore,
Happy upon thy native shore,
To yield to Him forevermore

Thy future years.

Happy the preacher's toils to share,
Happy in teaching, and in prayer,
To melt each hardened spirit there

In sacred tears.

But ah! thy longings were in vain!
For ere the shocks of autumn grain
Were ripened on thy native plain,
Thy earthly journeyings were o'er,
And thou no more!

JUNE.



ALL smiles and tears,
With blooming face sweet June appears;
Above the twisted old tree-root,
Above the verdurous springing grass,
Above the soft turf's new-born shoot,
Her dancing footsteps pass.

Her clear eye swims in light,
Her golden tresses loosely flow ;
Her gay voice singeth in delight,
Her cheeks with healthful beauty glow ;

In her green hollow way
The wild flowers spring in myriads up ;
The crocus nods its blossoms gay,
The violet lifts its azure cup ;
The lily swings its snowy bell,
The honeysuckle opes its shell.

Down the moist meadow land,
Where through the flowering greensward flows
the brook,
Sweet-smelling blooms their odorous leaves
expand

In every woody nook.
The golden-berried waxwork weaves its wreath
Of verdure ; and the clematis
Shoots its soft fibres the thick boughs beneath ;
And oft the soft wind stoops to kiss
The modest snow-drop in the grass ;
O'er the clear stream the gaudy mosses lean,
To see reflected in that lucid glass
Their velvet fringes and their festoons green.

Sweet June! with cloudless forehead bound
With dewy wild-flowers, and with roses
crowned,

I love thee well !

Deep in the heart of man, as o'er the earth,
Thy presence casts a cheerful tone of mirth,
A soft, sweet spell ;

The newly-budding groves repeat thy call
With joy through all their lone arcades ;
And the hoarse-sounding waterfall
Rejoices in the dim primeval shades.

I love thy changeful skies,
With all their cloudy glooms and brightening
smiles ;

I love to see thy glowing morn arise
O'er the blue hills and the soft-sleeping isles :

I love the mild and temperate flush of noon,
With all the young leaves dancing in delight ;

I love thy golden eve, and silver moon
Sailing in streaming glory o'er the night ;

I love to hear thy healthful breezes raise
O'er the wood-tops their sounding psalms of
praise.

I love to hear thy softly-falling rain
In tinkling murmurs patter o'er the plain ;
I love to hear thy sounds of rustic toil,
Where glides the furrowing share along the
fertile soil.

THE CRADLE AND THE COFFIN.



I.

IN its little Cradle place
Tenderly this new-born face ;
All the spotless drapery spread,
Smooth the pillow for its head ;
Rock it till the dews of sleep
On its gentle senses creep ;
Let no falling step molest
The pure visions of its rest.
Lovely dreamer ! blessings wait
All around thee at life's gate.

Scarce thy tender feet have passed
 Through its portals, open cast ;
 Forward ! and may angels greet
 In the path thy entering feet ;
 And when Manhood's fiery streak
 Fires that soft and downy cheek ;
 May thy bold and lofty brow
 Be as free from sin as now.
 Purest bliss and truest joy
 Crown thy future life, sweet boy !

II.

Look upon this flowery gem,
 Trembling on life's brittle stem !
 Gaze upon its heavenly face,
 Where no stain of earth hath place.
 'T is a little bark, just cast
 Upon life's tempestuous waste ;
 Gentle seraph ! may the bloom,
 And the freshness, and perfume

Of life's loveliest haunt be spread
All around thy onward tread !
When the dews and beams of time
Warm thee to thy virgin prime,
At the holy altar's side,
Smiling, blushing, a sweet bride,
May'st thou pledge to one, young wife !
Who will prize thee more than life.
May no sorrow, may no gloom,
Cast a shadow on thy bloom,
Until life's short journey o'er,
Thou dost seek the better shore !

III.

Lay this sweet young flower to rest,
Sprinkle blossoms on its breast :
Close its bright, scarce-opened eye,
Blue as is the azure sky ;
Smooth those locks of flowing gold,
Soon to tarnish in the mould !

Smooth the snowy funeral dress,
Print the latest fond caress ;
Close the lid, and spread the pall,
Hither all the mourners call :
Father! kneel beside the bier,
Mother! drop the sparkling tear ;
Brothers, sisters of the dead !
Let your partings now be said.
Let the solemn preacher pray
For the young soul flown away !
Bear the little coffin then,
From the noisy walks of men.
Leave the clay beneath the sod,
While the spirit seeks its God.

IV.

Bear the sable Coffin forth,
To the dull insensate earth !
Yet a moment, ere we pass,
Gaze into its little glass,

And peruse that face once more,
Ere it vanish from the door.
See, the forehead of the sage
Is all wrinkled o'er with age ;
See, the locks are white as snow,
Blossoms in the grave that blow ;
In the eyes so sunk and dim,
Not a ray of light doth swim,
And the blanched and hollow cheek
Sleepeth like some landscape bleak.
Many months and many years,
Many griefs and many tears,
Have assailed that pallid brow,
From the dawn of life till now.
Let us bear this earthly shell
To its dark and narrow cell !

THE SPIRIT OF MUSIC.



SPIRIT of Music and of Song !
Through the wide range of earth and air
Thy sweet harmonious rule prevails,
Nor doth it ever slumber there :
It fills the fragrant breath of morn,
It steeps the odorous breeze of noon,
Upon the twilight sigh ' tis borne,
It floats beneath the sailing moon.

The passing air that stirs at night
The mountain forest, deep and dim,
Tossing the leaves in faint moonlight,
Hath its own wild, mysterious hymn !

Across the rolling prairies' waste
Thy soft airs heave the murmuring grass,
And bright-hued flowerets gaily nod,
As o'er them your sweet voices pass.

The waters of the babbling stream,
As o'er their pebbled bed they roll,
Mingling their clear melodious tones
In tinkling ripples, charm the soul !

The wild bee joins his tuneful hum,
The beetle sounds his shrilly drum ;

The cricket's constant chirping fills
Each pause with its clear-ringing trills.

The hunter, wearied with the chase
Of the big bison and the deer,

Charmed by the blooming verdant place,
Delighted stops the sounds to hear ;

And as he leans upon the brink
Of the cool water-course to drink,
Soothed by the lulling breeze and streams,
His senses sink in happy dreams.
I 've voyaged many a live-long day
Across the Atlantic's watery way,
And as the melancholy tides
Beat drowsily the vessel's sides,
There ever was a tuneful sound
In their deep hollow anthem found;
And while at night the angry surge
Whitened the bleak horizon's verge,
Each snowy-crested billow lent
A voice to the sad Sea's lament.
Through the strained rigging mourned the
gale,
Heavily flapped the flowing sail;
Nor ever ceased that solemn psalm,
In howling storm, or drowsy calm.
Far have I roamed a foreign shore,
By famous stream and mountain hoar;

Have heard the Seine and Rhone repeat
The song for ages they have sung,
Have heard the yellow Tiber beat
Its dirge at Rome's imperial feet ;
Have heard amid the Alpine snows
The endless torrent as it flows ;
And silver Arno tell its tale
To the thick gardens of its vale ;
And the old Rhine by castled steep
And terraced vineyard swiftly sweep ;
Have heard the clear Ilyssus call
By wasted Athens' ruined wall,
The call oft heard by bard and sage,
In glorious Græcia's elder age ;
And I have listened, as the wave
Beat sadly by the Persian's grave,
Where the brave Greek, in battle, won
Thy silent field, drear Marathon !
Have heard the long grass and the moss
O'er Pæstum's ruined temples toss.

I've heard the turbid Nile, as fast
By Cairo's gate it hurried past ;
Fast by the soaring Pyramid,
Its desert-skirted vales amid ;
Rehearsing to the Egyptian's ear,
And to the wandering Arab near,
The same wild story that it bore
To Pharaoh's ear in times of yore.
Thus, by each stream, and wood, and
plain,
Spirit of Song ! is heard thy strain ;
And whispering leaf, or whistling bird,
Or voice of waves or winds are heard,
Or haply the harmonious lay
Of damsel singing on her way.

Haply the hollow-sounding hum
Of the Egyptian's rolling drum,
Haply the Syrian shepherd's flute,
Or Turkish herdsman's twanging lute,

Or the long horn the Switzer blows
At twilight o'er the sparkling snows ;
Haply the Italian's rustic reed,
Heard where his browsing flocks do feed ;
Haply the viol of the Frank,
Heard by the swift Rhone's pastoral bank ;
Haply the camel's tinkling bell,
When evening o'er the Desert fell,
And round our camp-fire by the tent
The hours in talk of home we spent ;
All these familiar voices cheer
Our hearts when pacing Life's dull ring ;
Sweet tones ! sweet voices ! sent to cheer
The glooms that round our spirit cling !

THE SPIRITS OF AIR.



“The whole of Nature is animated. The world teems with Spirits ; the very air is thick with them. They dance in the sunshine ; they ride upon the beams of the stars ; they float about in the melodies of music ; they nestle in the cups of flowers ; and I am forced to believe, that never a flower fades, or a beam passes away, without some Being mourning the brief date of loveliness on earth.” — *James*.



SPIRITS, gentle spirits, fill
Every verdant grot and hill.
Their unnumbered legions rally
In the moist and lonesome valley.

Thick in the sweet flowers they lie,
In the violet's purple eye ;
In the wild rose of the hedge,
In the pink that crowns the ledge ;
In the honeysuckle's bloom,
In the hawthorn's soft perfume ;
In the gay sweet-pea that flings
O'er the lattice its green rings ;
In the strawberry's snowy cup,
Where the wild bees love to sup.

In the twinkling leaves that quiver,
O'er the clearly-flowing river ;
High among the boughs they flit,
On the topmost twigs they sit,
Joying in the flashing gleam
Of the wind-o'erwrinkled stream.
Oft the gaudy blue jay sees
Their mad gambols o'er the trees ;
And the chattering squirrels meet
On the oak their nimble feet ;

Oft the sky-ward soaring lark
Stops their airy sports to mark ;
Oft the cawing crow's keen eye
Views them as they circle by ;
Oft the cooing wood-dove's brood
Meets them in the untrod wood.

In the earliest beam that day
Sprinkles o'er the mountains grey ;
In the tiniest sparkling mote,
Thick those mystic Beings float ;
In the flame of noon they ride ;
And when mellow eventide
Flushes with its yellow flood
Glassy lake and waving wood,
Thick their fairy myriads crowd,
Each bright color of the cloud ;
And when streams the white moonlight
O'er the azure dome of night,
And when twinkles the faint star,
In its trackless course afar,

Millions of those spirits stream
Through each shooting, sparkling beam.

In the gushing melodies,
O'er all that nature that arise ;
In the ocean's hollow beat,
Where the beach and billow meet ;
In the gurgle of the brook,
Whispering in the woody nook ;
In the murmur of the leaves,
When the grove the breeze receives ;
In the plaintive mellow note
Of the song-bird's chanting throat ;
In the honey-bee's long hum ;
In the beetle's drowsy drum ;
In the warble of the flute,
In the soft, melodious lute ;
In each pleasing earthly sound
Are these mingling spirits found.

THE DEPARTED TRIBES.



THEY 'RE fading, they 're fading,
In solemn gloom away ;
Like vapors on the mountain,
At dawning of the day ;

They 're falling, they 're falling,
Like leaves in autumn time,
When in the woods the cheerless breeze
Sighs forth its hollow chime !

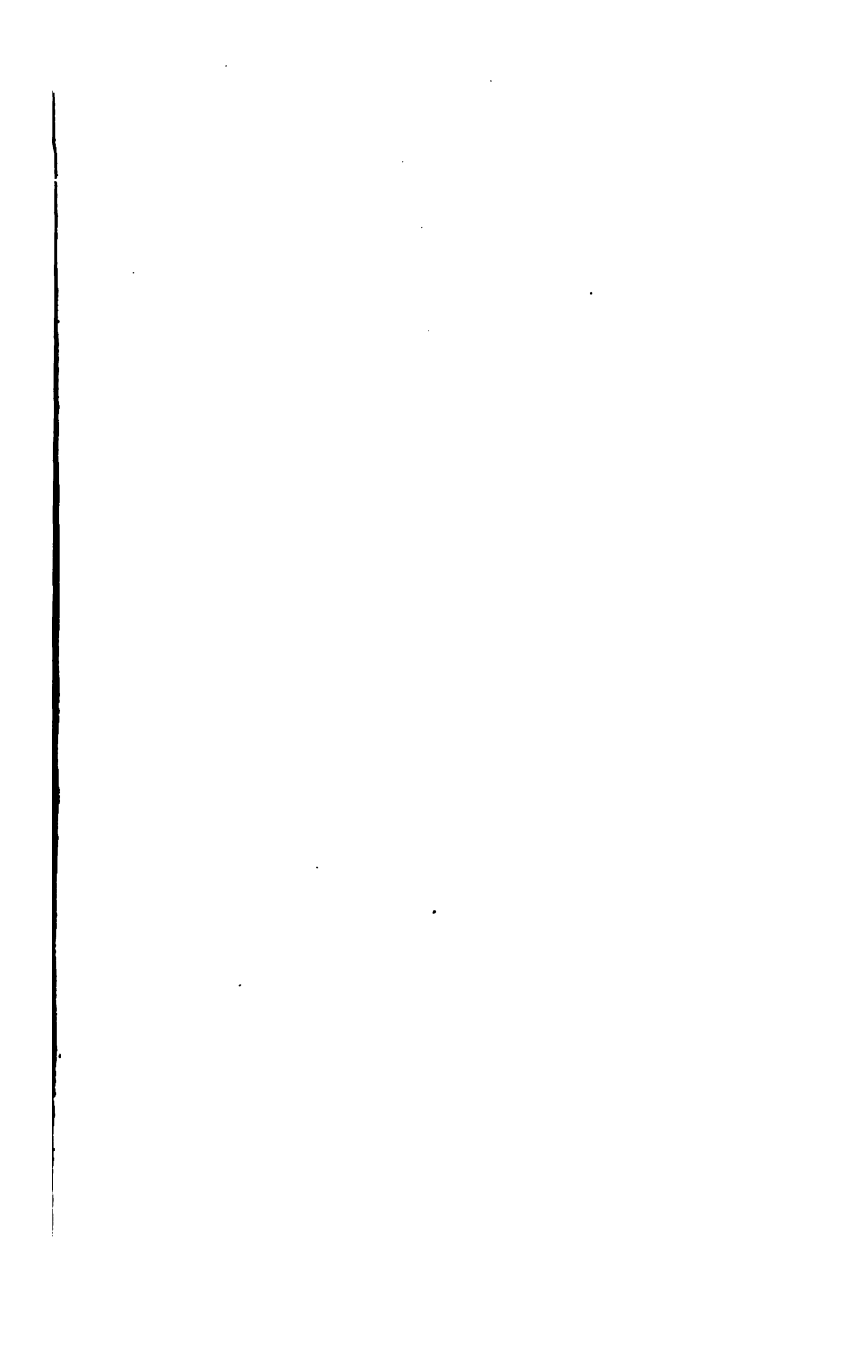
They 're dying, they 're dying,
Like those who feel at heart
That pale consumption's finger
Is beckoning to depart.

I look upon the mountain top—
Lo! all their fires are out!
I tread the hollow valleys—
All silent is their shout!

Along the green marge of the lake,
And from the sandy shore,
A solemn voice doth seem to say,
The old tribes are no more!

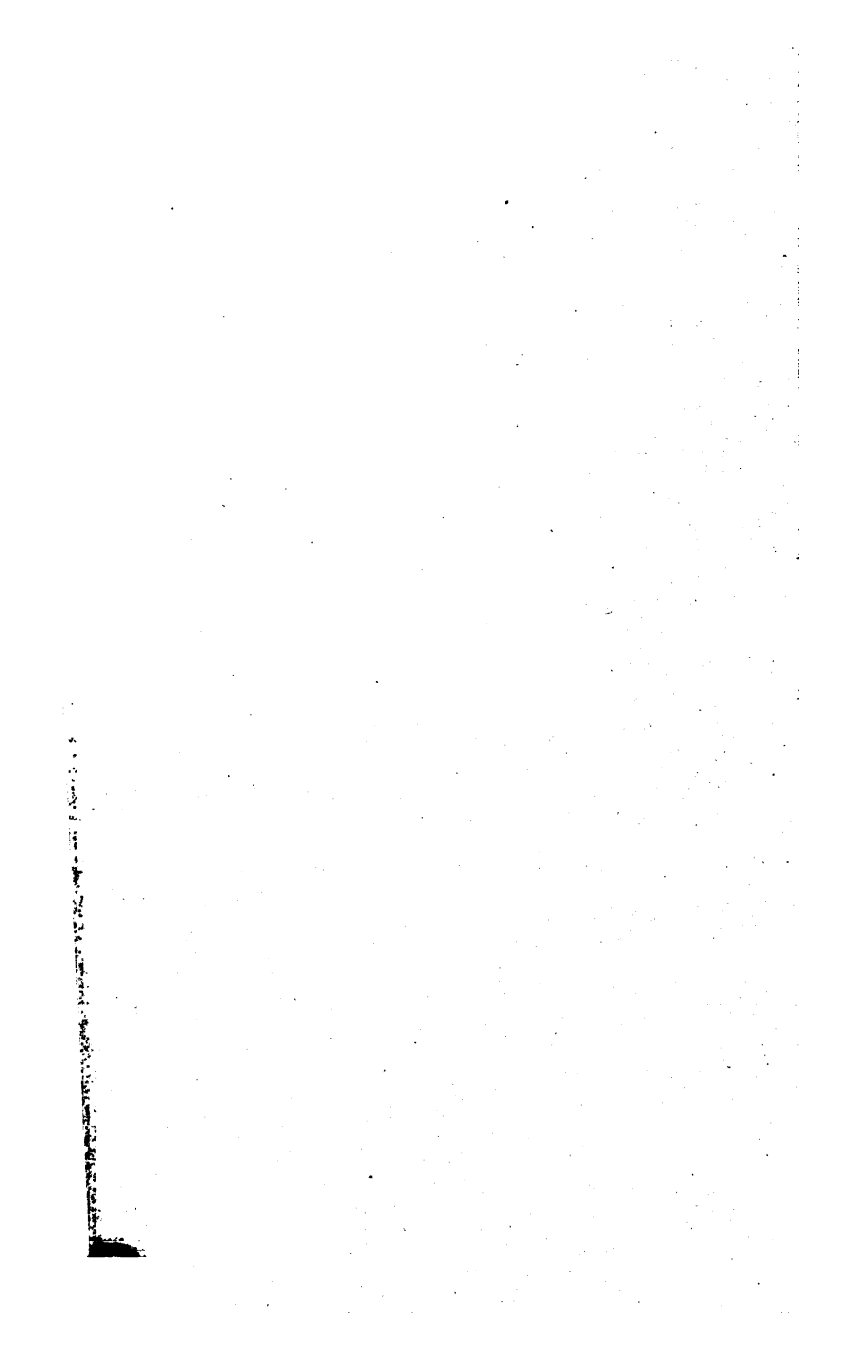
Their very names are half forgot,
Their ancient graves unknown;
And dim oblivion's shadow
Around them wide is/thrown.

CR.
H.M.









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